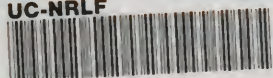


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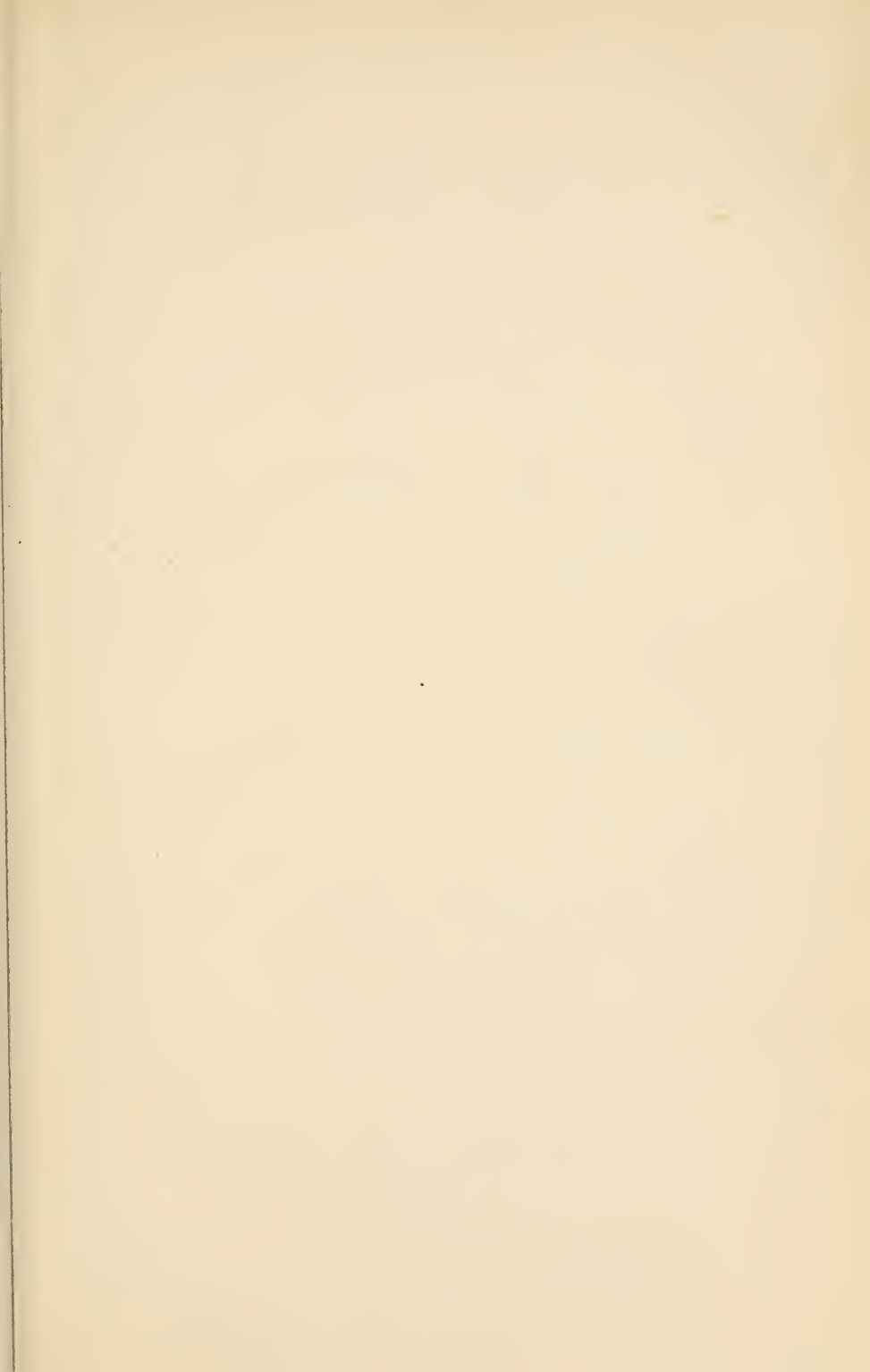
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SCENES FROM SCRIPTURE,

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

BY

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AUTHOR OF "SALATHIEL," ETC.



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P R E F A C E.

THE History of English Versions from the Hebrew poets is yet to be written. But Warton, in his volumes on English poetry, has referred to the subject, at sufficient length to satisfy general curiosity, and with sufficient elegance to gratify public taste.

In the primitive worship of Christianity, the singing of "Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs," occupied an important place. But in the worship of the Romish Church, that place was gradually filled by the chaunting of the priest; while, in the progress of musical science, the Anthem superseded the simplicity of the Hymn.

In the sixteenth century, the Reformers restored the singing of the congregation to its original rank; and the Psalmody of Luther and his successors formed a characteristic feature of the popular devotion. Whether

to counteract this new influence, or to re-establish a reputation for piety, Clement Marot, a name equally known in his day for poetry and profligacy, in 1539, published a French version of thirty of the Psalms, and the success of this work was as singular as its origin. Dedicated to Francis I., with the *imprimatur* of the Sorbonne, it was welcomed by the Monarch almost with enthusiasm ; novelty, nationality, and, perhaps, rivalry of the Reformers, made it universally popular. Francis and his courtiers selected each a Psalm, for peculiar favouritism ; and the most immoral Court in Europe resounded with religious song.

This was the age of verbal chivalry ; and France gave the amplest testimony of its spirit, by inscribing on the tomb of Marot : “ Ci gist des Français le Virgile et l’Homère.”

The celebrated Calvin, with whom Marot was intimate, introduced this version into the Church of Geneva, and employed Beza to complete the whole number of the Psalms. The faults attributed to Beza’s performance are, a general tendency to unnecessary paraphrase, occasional misconceptions of the original, and the use of expressions too familiar for the dignity of Scripture.

With the Reformation congregational singing began in England. For the first time in a thousand years the

people were joined with the minister in an important, beautiful, and affecting portion of Christian worship. Congregational singing now became a public right, and the version of the Psalms a public demand. Single Psalms were rapidly contributed; of those the ablest were by the Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt. But a general version was required, and this was undertaken—unfortunately more to the honour of their diligence, than of their capacity—by Sternhold and Hopkins.

Sternhold was a man of condition, educated at Oxford, and Groom of the Robes to Henry VIII., who, as a mark of his approval, left him a legacy. He held the same considerable office under Edward VI. Hopkins seems to have been little more than his editor. Sternhold died, when he had versified about a third of the Psalms, but he had several assistants, by whom the work appears to have been completed. The first edition was published in 1562. The work has passed into a proverb, for presumption of attempt and inadequacy of means.

Warton, himself a scholar and a poet, says: "Our versifiers of the Psalms have been but little qualified, either by genius or accomplishments, for poetical composition. It is for this reason that they have produced

a translation entirely destitute of elegance, spirit, and propriety."

He adds: "I presume I am communicating no very new criticism, when I observe, that in every part of this translation we are disgusted with a languor of versification, and a want of common prosody, characterizing the whole as lowered by coldness of conception, weakened by frigid interpolations, and disfigured by a poverty of phraseology."

Bishop Horsely boldly takes the opposite side. "The metrical version of the old singing Psalms by Sternhold and Hopkins is not, what I believe it is generally supposed to be, nothing better than an awkward versification of a former English translation. It was an original translation from the Hebrew text, earlier, by many years, than the prose translation in the Bible; and it is the best and most exact we have, to put into the hands of the common people. The authors of this version considered the verse merely as a contrivance to assist the memory."

However, he thus gives up its poetry, the matter in question. He then falls on the present version by Tate and Brady:

"It was a change much for the worse, when the pedantry of pretenders to taste thrust out this excel-

lent (!) translation from many of our churches, to make room for that which goes by the name of the New Version, which in many places where the old version is just, accurate, and dignified by its simplicity, is careless and inadequate, and, by the poverty and littleness of its style, contemptible."

But the public taste had long decided against the ancient version, whose whole force consists in a rugged adherence to the original. Warton's exaggerated scorn of *all* versions of the Sacred Writings, may be partially attributed to the peculiar provocations of a time, in which Scripture was treated with irreverent familiarity, in which Hymns conveyed the language of almost earthly passion, and the highest doctrines were rhymed into the transports of religious reverie. Of those, he indignantly speaks "as exhibiting a *species* of poetry, if it may be so called, which even impoverishes prose, or rather by mixing the style of prose with verse, and of verse with prose, destroys the character and effect of both."

On the whole ; when it is remembered, that the ancient version was made on the verge of the Elizabethan age, when the English tongue was most poetic, when Spenser was so soon to display the redundant luxuriance of the language, and Shakespeare to show its

matchless harmony; it is difficult to account for the rudeness of this Version, but by the inferiority of its authors to the demands of their duty, and to the genius of their time.

Still, many of the Psalms have since been vigorously transferred to English verse, and there can be no reason why the noblest truths should not be capable of the noblest transfer to a language, already found capable of expressing every passion, however vivid, and every sentiment, however sublime.

But there is one application of verse to Scripture, which appears to have been less tried:—the description of striking events in its history, and the transfer of those powerful declamations, which abound more in the prophetic pages than in any other works of man.

At the head of all Poetry must stand the poets of Judæa. I can find even in the great writers of Greece or Rome, no rival to their intensity, richness, and accumulation of ideas. This is no new conception with me. In some observations, which I had once occasion to deliver in public, I remarked on the variety, force, and living grandeur of those illustrious compositions.

“Poured forth to awake the apathy, or rebuke the guilt of Kings and people, they perform a duty never required of language before, and they were divinely

provided with a language fitted for the duty. It is a continual torrent of pathetic, or indignant, eloquence. Every conceivable image of national suffering, and personal anguish; every vivid menace of human trial, and divine vengeance; every possible scene of national struggle, and individual ruin, crowds their predictions.— Nations fighting the battle of despair; nations flying before the invader; nations torn from their home, and driven out to die among the deserts, and under the burning skies, of a foreign land. The sitters under the vine and fig-tree of Palestine, swept to the swamps of Media, lingering out life in the Assyrian sands, or dying in the labours and chains of Babylon.

“ Their images from nature are not less true, or less powerful—the scorching winds of the wilderness; the tempest among the sands; the ruined and lifeless city; the polluted temple; the land lying awe-struck and silent under the pestilence; ‘ the sky of brass and the soil of iron.’

“ But in all their diversities of style, they have an impress which raises them above earthly comparison. They speak with the authority of an inspired mission. Their language has a purpose altogether divine. They lavish their powers on no rich description of nature,

and no luxuriant display of their genius. Their language is not born of flesh and blood. Like the Israelites in the Babylonian furnace, they walk in fire, they speak in fire, and with them 'walketh one' more than Man, a protecting and inspiring Glory." .

I would almost assume, that the severe grandeur of the primitive Greek poetry was derived from Judæa. It seems to me that the very tone of Homer is Scriptural, and that in his sonorous simplicity I hear the echoes of the Prophetic trumpet, only softened by the airs of his Ionian shore.

It can scarcely be questioned, that Greece was but a brilliant plagiarist in the whole range of her Philosophy and Religion ; that the philosophy of Thales was only the fantastic reflex of the philosophy of Moses ; that her Mysteries were only Revelation, thrown into phantom lights and shades ; and that, in contradiction to the Northern and Egyptian theories, the reveries of Rudbeck, Banier and Creutzer, the whole body of the Grecian Mythology, its Pandora and Epimetheus, its Saturn and Hercules, its Latona and Apollo, its celestial wars and earthly wonders, were only fillings up of the outline of Scripture, by the most romantic masters of invention in the world.

“ Thus, the Prometheus of Æschylus, the leading work of the leader of the Drama, is palpably founded on the Pentateuch.

“ Prometheus *is* Cain.—The guilty sacrifice, the condemned existence, the eternal exile, the perpetual gnawing of the heart, the mixture of defiance and despair, of irrecoverable obduracy and undying remorse, of hopeless agony and helpless revolt, all belong to the first murderer—and to none other in the history of man ! There is no other being, punished by a divine sentence, pursued by a divine malediction, and lingering through a divinely-protracted life of misery, an outcast from mankind. Even the substitution of the stolen fire for the true, the Shechinah, ‘ from thy presence I shall be hid,’ and the invention of the Arts by him, ‘ who first built a city,’ are but additional features of the identity.

“ If we have lost two of the three Dramas of Æschylus on this subject, broken off, like two trines of a thunderbolt ; still the proof of the splendid plagiarism is complete. One of the Choruses even alludes to the Resurrection !

“ The later Dramatists of Greece descend nearer to man, and solicit in pathos what they sacrifice in power. Sophocles and Euripides are superb sons of men, but Æschylus is the Titan.”

Some of the Poems contained in this volume are now published for the first time ; the rest have been collected from the various periodical publications in which they appeared long since, and which have generally passed away.

In the quotations from Scripture, the sentences selected are only those illustrative of the principal features of the poems.

An eloquent and attractive volume on the general spirit of the Prophetic Writings, has lately been published—"The Bards of the Bible," by the Rev. G. Gilfillan, of Dundee.

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SCENES FROM SCRIPTURE

WITH OTHER POEMS.



THE EUTHANASIA.

"Thou wilt shew me the path of life. In Thy presence is fulness of joy."—PSALM XVI, 2.

(WRITTEN IN A BIBLE.)

WHAT art thou, LIFE? The Saint and Sage

Have left it written on this page,

That thou art nothing—dust, a breath,

A glittering bubble burst by death,

A ray upon a rushing stream,

A thought, a vanity, a dream.

Yet, thou art given for mighty things,
To plume the infant Angels' wings,
To bid our waywardness of heart,
Like Mary, choose "the better part ;"
To watch, and weep our guilt away,
To-day, "while yet 'tis called to-day."

If sorrows come, Eternal God !
By Thee the path of thorns was trod ;
If death be nigh, shall man repine,
To bear the pangs that once were Thine,
To bleed, where once Thy heart was riven,
And follow from the Cross to Heaven ?

THE LAST DAY OF JERUSALEM.

THE storming of Jerusalem by the Roman Army was the mortal blow of the nation ; it thenceforward lingered on in an existence mingled of the severities of a conquered people, and the scorn felt for a people of slaves, until it was finally extinguished as a nation by Hadrian.

The assault of the city is inexplicable but by Scripture. The indifference of Rome to the peculiarities of all foreign religions ; its natural reluctance to the ruin of the subject states ; its prodigious power, which relieved it from the necessity of punishing every casual revolt of a province ; its calm, though stern, system of government, and the absence of rivalry on earth sparing it the passion of revenge, all rendered the

Roman ruin of the most sacred city of Asia, and the extermination of the most memorable people of the world, wholly irreconcilable with the habitual policy of the Empire.

Prophecy alone solves the great problem ; by showing the inevitable result of corrupted religion, of degraded discipline, of inveterate prejudice, and of insulted long-suffering. But the condition of the Jewish people, while it appeals to our humanity, must not be lost sight of by our reason. Whether the recovery of the nation may be within the designs of Providence, or it is to be finally absorbed into the population of the earth, it is impossible to doubt that a high purpose is accomplished by the present separation of the people. Wherever a Jew exists, he is an evidence for the truth of Christianity ; an evidence stronger than all other, from its being a reluctant one ; more accessible than any other, from the scattering of the Jews through all nations ; and more permanent than any other, from the features, the habits, and the prejudices of the people. If the Jews had been converted a thousand years ago, however we should rejoice in their belief, we must have lost one of the most powerful testimonies to our own, the living proof of prophecy,

and thus the most direct, palpable, and irresistible argument for Revelation.

The subject of the following hymn is from the well-known passage of Tacitus.

“ Evenerant prodigia, quæ neque hostiis neque votis piare fas habet gens, superstitioni obnoxia, religionibus adversa.

“ Visæ per cælum concurrere acies, rutulantia arma, et subito nubium igne collucere Templum. Expassæ repente delubri fores, et audita major humana vox, ‘EXCEDERE DEOS.’ Simul ingens motus excedentium.”—
HISTOR. LIBER. V.

Flow on, for Zion—flow, my tears—

Thou sepulchre of sepulchres

Thy glory but a gorgeous dream,

Thy strength, a wasted summer stream ;

Thy turban cloven on the ground,

With all its jewels scattered round.

Age upon age, Captivity

Sits brooding on thy leafless tree ;

And where its branching glory stood,

Is shame, and agony, and blood.

From morn to eve, Rome's iron tide
Had dashed on Zion's haughty side ;
From morn to eve, the arrowy shower
Rained on her ranks from wall and tower.
Now rose the shout of Israel ;
Now, like the sea's returning swell,
Rushed up the Mount the Roman charge,
Again beat back by Judah's targe ;
Strewing with helm and shield the hill ;
All wearied, but th' unconquered will.

'Twas eve, and still was fought the field,
Where none could win, and none would yield ;
Beneath the twilight's deepening shade
Echoed the clash of blade on blade.
Still rushing through the living cloud,
Its path the Lion-banner ploughed ;
And still the Eagle's fiery wing
Seemed from the living cloud to spring ;
Till Rome's retiring trump was blown,
Answered by shouts from Zion's throne.

That day the Roman learned to feel
The biting of the Jewish steel.

'Twas night. The sounds of earth were hushed,
Save where the palace-fountains gushed ;
Or from the myrtle-breathing vale,
Sung, to the stars, the nightingale.
Splendid the scene, and sweet the hour !
The moonbeam silvered tent and tower,
Touched into beauty grove and rill,
And crowned with lustre Zion's hill.
All loveliness, but where the gaze
Shrank from the Roman camp-fire's blaze ;
All peaceful beauty, but where frowned,
Omen of woe, the Roman Mound ! *

'Twas midnight ; ceased the heavy jar
Of rampart-chain and portal-bar ;
That hour of doom, on Zion's wall
No warrior's foot was heard to fall ;

* The Romans surrounded the city with a trench and a mound, which prevented all escape, and formed a characteristic of the siege

No murmur of the mighty camp,
No cohort's tread, no charger's champ,
Gave sign that Earth was living still ;
All hushed, as by a mightier Will ;
Ev'n wounds that wring, and eyes that weep,
Were bound in one resistless sleep :
Silence of silence, all around ;
Hushed as the grave—a death of sound !

What visioned forms, like things of dreams,
Or like the Pole's phosphoric streams,
Or the wan clouds of winter's even,
Now marshal on the fields of Heaven,
There gleam, in clouds of spectral light,
The Camp, the Mound, th'embattled height ;
There moves the Legion's brazen line ;
Ill-omened Israel, where is thine ?
Rolls up the visioned Mount the charge ;
But where the turban and the targe ?
The cohort climbs the visioned tower,
Yct sweeps its ranks no arrowy shower ;

Pale flames from visioned altars rise ;
Israel, art thou the sacrifice !

But sudden roars the thunder-peal,
The forests on the mountains reel,
And, like the burst of mountain springs,
Is heard a rush of mighty wings !
And voices sweet of love and woe,
(Love, such as Spirits only know),
Swell from the Temple's cloisters dim,
A mingled chaunt of dirge and hymn ;
Like grief, when help and hope have fled,
Like anguish o'er the dying bed ;
Like pulses of a breaking heart :
" We must depart, we must depart."
And grandly o'er Moriah's height,
Encanopied in living light,
Rose to that chaunt of dirge and hymn
The squadrons of the Seraphim.
From Carmel's shore to Hebron's chain,
Shone in that splendour hill and plain ;

Still starlike seemed the orb to soar,
Then all was night, and sleep once more.

But whence has come that sudden flash,
And whence the shout, and whence the clash ?
The Legions scale the Temple wall !
Its startled warriors fly or fall.
Now swells the carnage, wild and wide ;
Now dies the bridegroom by the bride ;
Peasant and noble, parent, child,
In heaps of quivering carnage piled ;
On golden roof, on cedar floor,
Still flames the torch, still flows the gore ;
Hour of consummate agony,
When nations, God-deserted, die !

Yet still the native dirk and knife
Wrung blood for blood, and life for life.
The priest, as to the Veil he clung,
With dying hand the javelin flung ;
The peasant on the Roman sprang,
Armed but with panther's foot and fang,

From his strong grasp the falchion tore,
And dyed it in the robber's gore.
That night who fought, that night who fell,
No eye might see, no tongue might tell ;
That sanguine record must be read
But when the grave gives up its dead ;
Then Judah's heart of pride was tame ;
The rest was sorrow, slavery, shame !

—JERUSALEM A NAME !

SUPPLICATION.

“If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit.”—GALATIANS V, 25.

SPIRIT of God ! descend upon my heart ;

Wean it from earth, though all its pulses move ;

Stoop to my weakness, mighty as Thou art,

And make me love Thee, as I ought to love.

I ask no dream, no prophet ecstasies,

No sudden rending of the veil of clay ;

No angel visitant, no opening skies ;—

But take the dimness of the soul away.

Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King ?

All, all thine own—soul, heart, and strength, and mind ;

I see Thy Cross—there teach my heart to cling :

O, let me seek Thee,—and Oh ! let me find !

Teach me to feel, that Thou art always nigh ;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh ;
Teach me the patience of *unanswered* prayer.

I know Thee glorious ! might and mercy all,
All that commands Thy creatures' boundless praise ;
Yet shall my soul from that high vision fall,
Too cold to worship, and too weak to gaze ?

Teach me to love Thee, as Thine angels love,
One holy passion filling all my frame ;
The Baptism of the Heaven-descended Dove,
My heart an altar, and Thy Love its flame.

ESTHER.

THE Jews hold the History of Esther in remarkable veneration. Some even regard it as entitled to equal reverence with the Law of Moses, and say, "That when all other Scriptures shall cease, this and the Pentateuch will survive."

The Festival of Purim, in commemoration of the rescue of the people from the bloody design of Haman, is a sufficient evidence of the reality of this memorable transaction.

"After these things did King Ahasuerus promote Haman the son of Hammedatha the Agagite, and advanced him, and set his seat above all the princes.

"And all the King's servants that were in the King's gate, bowed, and revered Haman; for the King had

so commanded concerning him : but Mordecai bowed not, nor did him reverence.

“ And when Haman saw that Mordecai bowed not, nor did him reverence, then was Haman full of wrath.

“ And he thought scorn to lay hands on Mordecai alone ; for they had showed him the people of Mordecai : wherefore Haman sought to destroy all the Jews, that were throughout the whole kingdom of Ahasuerus, even the people of Mordecai.”

“ Then Esther the Queen answered and said, If I have found favour in thy sight, O King, let my life be given me at my petition, and my people at my request.

“ For we are sold, I and my people, to be destroyed, to be slain, and to perish.

“ Then the King Ahasuerus said unto Esther the Queen, Who is he, and where is he, that durst presume in his heart to do so ?

“ And Esther said, The adversary and enemy is this wicked Haman.

“ And Harbonah, one of the chamberlains, said before the King, Behold also the gallows fifty cubits high, which Haman had made for Mordecai, who had spoken good for the King, standeth in the house of Haman. Then the King said, Hang him thereon.

“So they hanged Haman on the gallows that he had prepared for Mordecai. Then was the King’s wrath pacified.”—BOOK OF ESTHER VII, 1, &c.

The probable reason of Mordecai’s refusing reverence to Haman, was his being an Amalekite, or even a descendant from the Amalekite kings, who had been persecutors of the Jews, and who were denounced by prophecy, as divinely doomed, for the punishment of that persecution.

~~~~~

MORN is come, the purple morn,  
Yet it looks on shapes forlorn :  
On thy glittering roofs, Shushan,  
There are mourners wild and wan ;  
Eyes upturned, dishevelled hair,  
Brows unturbaned, bosoms bare ;  
Hands in restless anguish wrung  
By the grief that knows no tongue ;  
Dust and ashes on the brow.  
King of Israel—where art *Thou* ?

4

Through the livelong winter's night,  
Like the harvest in the blight ;  
Like the reeds, by storms o'erthrown ;  
Rank on rank, lay Israel strown.  
Prostrate on their naked roofs,  
Listening to the trampling hoofs,  
Listening to the trumpet's clang,  
As to horse the riders sprang ;  
Bearing each the bloody scroll,  
Slaying all things but the soul.

Every blast that trumpet gave  
Was a summons to the grave ;  
Every torch that hurried by  
Told that myriads were to die !  
Myriads, in that midnight sleeping,  
Where the Arab balms are weeping ;  
Where along th' Ionian hill  
Night-dews of the rose distil ;  
By the Scythian mountain-chain ;  
By the Ethiopian plain ;



By the Indian Ocean's roar,  
By the farthest fiery shore,  
Where the foot of man could tread ;  
Where the Jew could hide his head ;  
Where his heart could heave the groan ;  
On the earth alone, alone !  
Son of the Captivity,  
Vengeance winged that shaft for thee.  
Judah, scattered, "spent and peeled,"  
In that hour thy doom was sealed !

Still, the opening palace porch  
Showed the troop, with trump and torch,  
Thundering through the dusk beneath,  
Each a messenger of death ;  
Like a sanguine meteor rushing,  
Light on tower and temple flushing ;  
Till dispersed, the furious horde,  
Like the fragments of a sword,  
Like the lightning, scattered forth,  
East, and West, and South, and North.

While the son of Israel's gaze  
Watched the shooting of that blaze,  
As o'er hill and plain it spread ;  
Like the livid vapours fed,  
Where the battle's remnants lie,  
Withering to the stormy sky.  
King of Israel, hear the prayer  
Of Thy people, in despair !

Yet, within thy courts, Shushan,  
Stood that morn an ancient man :  
On his high phylactery  
Wisdom that can never die ;  
On the motion of his hand,  
Propped upon the ivory wand ;  
On his step, though weak with age,  
Stamped the Leader and the Sage.

Hark the shoutings ! In his pride,  
Sullen-hearted, cruel-eyed,  
With the signet of command  
Glittering on his haughty hand.

With his barb's caparison  
Dazzling as an Indian throne,  
Haman comes, of Lords the Lord,  
Persia's buckler, Persia's sword !  
In his front the timbrels sounding,  
Round his steed the dancers bounding,  
Roses flung beneath his tread,  
Broidered banners o'er his head,  
Chiefs, with jewelled shield and spear,  
Flashing round the dark Vizier.

But a pang of wrath and shame  
Lights his cheek with sudden flame !  
One, above the prostrate crowd,  
Like a pillar stands unbowed.  
Day by day, that silent one,  
Stood beside that portal-stone.  
Scorning with the slave to stoop,  
To the tyrant's vulture-swoop—  
Scorning the hypocrisy  
Of the captive's bended knee,

Bowing only to the rod  
Of his conscience, and his God !

Day by day the tyrant's heart  
Felt that scorn, a living dart ;  
In his breast of pride and ire,  
Scorpion sting, and serpent spire !  
'Till the murderer's oath was sworn,  
That the babe of Israel born,  
Priest and Levite, matron, maid,  
All should in their blood be laid—  
All should in their graves atone,  
That high glance, thou ancient one.

Now, from his deluded King,  
Fraud had won the missive ring ;  
Now, the seal of death was sent,  
To the palace, to the tent—  
Far as Persia's banners wave,  
Far as Israel finds a grave,  
Far as tears of blood are shed,  
Was the gory mandate sped.

Now, in his triumphant hour  
To the monarch's banquet bower,  
In a tyrant's full-blown pride,  
Rode the mighty Homicide.

Still, beside the portal-stone  
Stood that old, unbending one ;  
Still, beyond his fierce control,  
Strong in majesty of soul.  
On the tyrant's heart, his gaze  
Fell like a consuming blaze.  
Swelled in vain the loud " All hail !"  
On his glance the pomp grew pale ;  
Clashed in vain the shield and spear,  
On his glance rose rack and bier.  
In that ancient form, unbowed—  
As the gathering of the cloud,  
As the rushing of the gale,  
As the forest's rising wail,  
Tells the coming thunderstroke,  
Ruin on the Satrap broke !

Though that night his grasp might wring  
Asia from his trusting King ;  
Though the world's first diadem  
On his haughty brow might beam ;  
Yet his spirit's sudden thrill  
Told him he was mortal still ;  
At his feet he saw the tomb :  
In that prophet-eye was doom !

Night is on the Royal bower,  
Roses on the couches shower ;  
Soft, as from the opening skies,  
Fall delicious harmonies ;  
Flaming from a thousand urns,  
Incense round the banquet burns ;  
O'er the golden-sculptured roof,  
Shooting from the eye aloof,  
Till it seems another heaven,  
Studded with the stars of even ;  
Rich as an enchanted dream,  
Thousand golden cressets gleam.

Grouped around the mighty hall  
Indian dwarf, and Nubian tall,  
Jewel-turbaned, tissue-robed,  
Stand in dazzling light englobed ;  
Stand the Syrian sons of song,  
Stand the Greecian minstrel-throng.  
All is pomp, and feast, and dance,  
All is joy's delicious trance ;  
Empire's pleasure, Empire's power,  
Centered in one matchless hour :  
Still, there shrinks one eye of fear—  
It is thine, thou dark Vizier !

But, what sounds on midnight sail !  
Hark ! a rush, a shriek, a wail,  
Deepening to one death-like cry,  
Like a wreck's last agony ;  
Like the sounds that rend the air  
In some city's last despair,  
When upon her midnight wall  
Rings the stormer's trumpet call !

Through the portals of the bower,  
Israel, rush thy virgin flower ;  
Like a halo round their Queen.  
Yet no festal smile is seen ;  
Yet no tresses, pearl-entwined,  
Play on the enamoured wind.  
Dust and ashes on the head,  
Faces veiled, unsandaled tread,  
Breathe their lips a funeral hymn ;  
All is dark, dishevelled, dim.  
But, advancing to the throne,  
From their circle moves, alone  
ESTHER, palest of the pale ;  
On her lip a trembling tale ;  
In her step a woman's fear,  
On her cheek a woman's tear ;  
But, within her glorious eye  
Lustre lighted from the sky ;  
Like an altar's flame, the sign  
Of her hope and help Divine !

Standing by the royal board,  
In the cup the wine she poured ;



Then with eyes to Heaven upthrown,  
Hushed within her heart the groan.  
“By thy diadem and ring,  
“Pledge thy bride, of kings thou king.”  
On the monarch’s wondering gaze  
Flashed her eye’s supernal blaze;  
Never, in love’s richest hour,  
Struck so deep her beauty’s power;  
Never passion’s breathings stole  
On his ear such chains of soul.  
From her hand he took the wine—  
“Empress, be my sceptre thine.”

High to Heaven, with gesture grand,  
Raised the Queen the golden wand:  
“Who shall smite,” she sternly cried,  
“Age and childhood, maid and bride?  
“Who shall triumph, whom his ire  
“Steeps in blood the son and sire?  
“Who shall point the traitor-sword,  
“Aspic-like, to sting his Lord?  
“Kings’ and people’s murderer—  
“King, behold the traitor—*there!*”

With the more than mortal sound  
Rang the mighty hall around !

Haman, boldest of the bold,  
Felt his burning blood run cold ;  
Smote by Heaven, ambition, pride,  
All the tiger in him died ;  
On his lip one fearful cry,  
In his heart one agony.  
At the Monarch's footstool flung,  
Still to abject life he clung ;  
But he gnaws the dust in vain,  
Earth abjures the living stain !

From the royal footstool torn,  
Through the shouting city borne ;  
Now in fetters dragged to die,  
Taunts and curses round him fly.  
Now is paid the long arrear :—  
Truths 'tis worse than death to hear ;

Wrongs, by terror forced to sleep ;  
Wrongs, 'twas ruin but to weep ;  
Wrongs, that rankled in the breast,  
While the lip in smiles was drest ;  
Wrongs, that, prostrate at his feet,  
Made the hope of vengeance sweet ;  
Wrongs, that pined to curse his name,  
In the shout that fools call Fame.  
Griefs, long nursed in shame and gloom,  
Things that make the heart a tomb ;  
Stings of soul, that slaves *must* hide,  
Now find voices wild and wide ;  
All the buried agonies  
Now in living vengeance rise.  
Thousands, who had kissed the ground,  
At his courser's fiery bound ;  
Thousands, piled on tower and roof,  
Gazing on the scene aloof ;  
Thousands, rushing where he stands,  
Shuddering in the headsman's hands,  
Gasp to see the tyrant's fall ;  
Fury, triumph, vengeance all !

Yet, if there were still a pang !  
Haman, through thy breast it sprang,  
As the scaffold met thy glare,  
Like a spectre in the air ;  
On that scaffold, huge and high,  
Mordecai was doomed to die !  
At the glance, the scorpion-thought  
Through his frozen bosom shot.  
“ Yes, before this day was past,  
“ There he shouldst have looked his last ;  
“ There, on all beneath the sky,  
“ Should have closed his haughty eye.  
“ Now the shame, the blood, the groan,  
“ Madman, murderer, are thine own !”

But, who comes in royal state ?  
Opes for whom the golden gate ?  
Round his ear, a moving throne,  
Persia's royal trumpets blown ;  
Hailed by Persia's Herald-throng,  
Hailed by Israel's holiest song.

In the royal canopy;  
Hallowed triumph in his eye,  
Persia's Signet of command  
Glittering on his ancient hand.  
MORDECAI ! that pomp is thine ;  
Joy to ransomed Palestine !  
Now no more shall Judah lie,  
Dreading, or to live, or die !  
In that hour was checked the flood,  
Where the waves were Israel's blood ;  
In that hour was broke the chain—  
Israel shall be throned again !

## SELF-EXAMINATION.

“Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart : prove me, and examine my thoughts.

“Look well, if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.”—PSALM CXXXIX, 23—24.

THOU Lord of mercy and of might !

My humbled heart behold ;

And give Thy Spirit's living light,

To search its inmost fold.

Against that heart's presumptuous sins

I fly to Faith and Prayer.

But where the Tempter's art *begins*,

O, save me, save me, *there !*

Teach me to shun the *first* dark thought,  
The wandering of the Will ;  
Oh ! keep the soul Thy blood has bought,  
And let me serve Thee still.

When dreams of folly cloud my mind,  
And prompt to sins *unknown*,  
The dream dissolve, the chain unbind,  
And make me *all* Thine own.

## THE THIRD TEMPTATION.

“ Again the Devil taketh Him up into an exceeding high mountain, and showeth Him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them.

“ And saith unto Him: ‘ All these things will I give Thee, if Thou wilt fall down and worship me.’

“ Then saith Jesus unto him: ‘ Get thee hence, Satan; for it is written, thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve.’”—

MATTHEW IV, 8.

THE mountain is a blaze of light !

Who stands upon its topmost height ?

His only robe the lightning,

His burning crown, his tossing wing ;

Nor spear, nor sceptre, in his hand,

But, flashing from his eye, command !

There, Tempter, towers the haughty frame,

That not the thunderbolt could tame ;



Nor age on age's dreary flight,  
Nor dungeons of eternal night :  
In pride, in grandeur and despair,  
There stands the Princedom of the Air.

Who stands upon the mountain's height ?  
No form of majesty and might,  
No splendours darting from his robe,  
To startle, or to blast, the globe ;  
But patience in his Heavenward eye,  
Like one who came to toil, and die.  
The Infant of the Virgin's womb—  
He comes to make the Earth His tomb ;  
Beneath the Pagan scourge to bleed,  
To bear the sceptre of the reed ;  
To wear the robe of mockery,  
To meet the scorn, the taunt, the lie ;  
To feel the tortures of the slave ;  
Victor, yet victim, of the grave !  
With more than mortal anguish wan,  
Stands, on that height, the Son of Man !

Twice had His holy strength been tried.  
Twice had He smote the Tempter's pride ;  
But now along the desert-sand  
Bursts, tempest-like, the wild command :  
"Ye kingdoms, in your glory rise."  
Earth hears it from her farthest skies.

From the chill Tartar's boundless plain,  
From jewelled India's mountain-chain ;  
From forest depth, and golden cave,  
Beyond the Ocean's western wave ;  
The visions of the Empires come,  
Circling thy central glory, Rome !

The wild command is heard once more !  
In panoply Earth's millions pour ;  
As, borne upon the eagle's wings,  
Rise the rich musterings of her kings ;  
Helm, turban, golden diadem,  
Pour onward like a fiery stream,  
On horse, on foot, on seythed car ;  
The living hurricane of war !

As rushed they on the Tempter's gaze  
Around him shot a broader blaze ;  
The flash of triumph in his eye,  
His words, the words of Victory ;  
“ Man, wouldst thou wear of crowns the crown,  
Worship its Lord ; the World's thine own.”

The grandeur of the God awoke !  
In sounds of death the Judgment broke :  
“ Satan avaunt !”—Despair, Despair,  
Was in his groan, and shrinking glare ;  
Prone on his face, the guilt-struck fell !  
The panther bounded at his yell.  
The viper started from the spring,  
The vulture rushed upon the wing.  
The jackall cower'd beside the dead,  
The hungry lion howled and fled.  
The vision and the fiend were gone !  
There stood the Conqueror—alone.

But o'er the mountain's pinnacle,  
What splendours upon splendours swell,

What more than mortal harmonics,  
What clouds of more than incense rise !  
The shout of joy, the holy hymn,  
Are from your lips, ye Seraphim ;  
Your shout, your song, "for Man forgiven,"  
Your King, Messiah, King of Heaven !

## THE VISION OF GOD.

"Now we see through a glass darkly, but then, face to face; now know I but in part, but then shall I know, even as also I am known."—1 CORINTHIANS XIII, 12.

God! when I think upon Thy name,  
No doubts before my spirit rise;  
I hear all Nature's voice proclaim,  
That Thou art great, and good, and wise.  
Yet would I, if it were Thy will,  
See Thy bright Image, brighter still.

The wandering eyes, the wandering ears,  
The ill, "sufficient to the day,"  
(Thing of temptation and of tears;  
Thine old inheritance of clay!)  
On Man's weak spirit fix their chain,  
And drag him down to Earth again.

Give me the strong realities ;

(I know not how to form the prayer),  
Of Angels' thoughts and Angels' eyes !

Or if that be too high to dare,  
Oh ! mould me to Thy mighty will,  
" To commune with Thee, and be still."

If Israel longed to see Thy face,

While roared the thunders of the Law ;  
Shall we, who know Thee, God of Grace,  
Shrink from Thy countenance in awe ?  
While Saints below, and Thrones above,  
Proclaim Thy mightiest title, LOVE !

Impress Thy image on my mind ;

Let me but see Thee as Thou art ;  
If mortal eyes at best are blind,  
Let me behold Thee with my heart.  
In Mercy and in Love be nigh,  
Oh ! visit Thou, my mental eye !

But rest, thou ever restless soul !

Thy feverish hours are flying fast ;  
The clouds before thee shall unroll,  
The glorious vision shine at last ;  
And thou, without a shade between,  
Shalt see, as thou thyself art seen !

## THE SIXTH SEAL.

“ And I beheld, when he had opened the Sixth Seal ; and lo ! there was a great earthquake, and the Sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the Moon became as blood.

“ And the Kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every freeman, hid themselves in the dens, and in the rocks of the mountains.

“ And said to the mountains and rocks, ‘ Fall on us, and hide us from the face of HIM that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb.’ ”—

APOCALYPSE VI, 12.

THE hour is come ! The mighty Sun

Darts downward, like a blood-red shield.

Earth, has thy final day begun ?

Earth, has thy solid centre reeled ?

Why bursts the ocean on its shore ?

Howls tempest, tenfold thunders roar !



Like foam along the surges borne ;  
Like leaves, when gusts of Autumn rise ;  
From Heaven's eternal Vine are torn  
The Stars, the elusters of the skies.  
The Moon, like barks by tempests driven,  
Wanders her wild, blind way through Heaven.

No Chance has bid you rush, ye Winds !  
No Chance has bid those thunders roll !  
Whose are those earthquakes ? His who binds  
The fetter on the struggling soul.  
Ye lightnings ! yours is not the blaze ;  
A mightier withers, smites, and slays !

The thunder peals for overthrow ;  
The ripening of a World of crime.  
Thou crimsoned mass of wrong and woe,  
Now comes the great, consummate time,  
When thou shalt blaze from pole to pole—  
Ashes and dust—a burning scroll.

Six thousand wild and weary years

By Truth the sackcloth has been worn ;  
The prize of Virtue chains and tears,  
And Faith a stain, and Zeal a scorn !  
And gold and gems have paid the blow  
That laid their glorious beauty low.

Earth's scourges—Heaven's avenging ire—

War, famine, pestilence, the chain,  
All fruitless—scorned the prophet's fire,  
The dungeon, nay, the grave, in vain !  
The sole inheritance of Time,  
The hardened heart, the deeper crime.

Still, man makes fellow-man a slave ;

Still raves the livid Infidel ;  
Still burthens Earth that *more* than grave,  
Dungeon of soul, the Convent cell ;  
Still Idols are the gods of Rome.  
But vengeance wakes !—the hour is come !

Who rides upon the whirlwind !  
Who rushes, slaying and to slay !  
His Angels, Woe and Death, behind,  
Calling the vultures to their prey !  
I hear the desert lion roar,  
Snuffing afar the feast of gore !

Whose lifted sceptre smites earth's thrones ;  
Whose glance eclipses star and sun ?  
God ! shall we worship " stocks and stones !"  
Come in Thy might ! " Thy will be done !"  
And standing upon sea and shore,  
Proclaim that " Time shall be no more."

Ye men of blasphemy and blood,  
The sword is out, your reign is o'er ;  
Fierce caterers of the vulture's food,  
Ye now shall gorge them with your gore,  
Pay pang for pang, and groan for groan ;  
Tortures that tear, but not atone !

And ye, the most undone of all,  
Who dragged the martyr to the pyre !  
Call to the depths of ocean—call,  
To quench within your breasts the fire.  
Worse than the earthquake or the storm—  
The sting of soul, th' undying worm !

Aye, now ye *know* what 'tis to die !  
Howl to the mountains and the caves ;  
Aye, fix on Heaven the frenzied eye ;  
Plunge terror-stricken in your graves !  
Ye doomed ! the time is past for prayer ;  
Your heart has but one word—*despair* !

Wail to the skies, thou guilty globe !  
Wail, all thy warriors, all thy Kings !  
When ruin wraps thee like a robe,  
When flame from all thy mountains springs,  
And Ocean feels its burning breath,  
All death—an Universe of Death !

## THE POWER OF PRAYER.

“Unto Thee, I lift up mine eyes, O Thou that dwellest in the Heavens.

“Behold, even as the eyes of servants look unto the hands of their masters, and the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress, even so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God, till He have mercy upon us.”—PSALM CXXIII, 1—2.

HAST thou climbed ambition's height,  
Man of genius, man of might !  
Seeing from thy lofty seat  
All life's storms beneath thy feet.  
Empire spread before thine eye.  
Homage, fear, and flattery ;  
All the sounds that reach thee there,—  
Kneel, and seek the *power* of prayer.

Hast thou in life's lowliest vale,  
Seen thy patient labours fail,  
Felt ill-fortune's daily thrill  
Waste thine energy of will.  
Yet without revenge or hate,  
Wouldst thou stand the stroke of fate ;  
Wouldst thou bear, as Man should bear,—  
Kneel, and seek the *power* of prayer !

Hast thou, Man of intellect !  
Seen thy soaring spirit checked ;  
Struggling in the righteous cause,  
Champion of God's slighted laws.  
Seen the slave, or the supine,  
Win the prize that should be thine ;  
Wouldst thou scorn, and wouldst thou *spare*,—  
Kneel, and seek the *power* of prayer.

Hast thou stood beside the bed,  
Where the gentle Spirit fled !  
Sharer of life's hopes and fears,  
Youth's first passion, love of years,

Saint on earth, and Saint above,  
Life of life, and love of love.  
Wouldst thou shun the last despair,—  
Kneel, and seek the *power* of prayer !

## BELSHAZZAR.

“ Belshazzar, the King, made a great feast to a thousand of his Lords, and drank wine before the thousand.

“ Then they brought the golden vessels that were taken out of the House of God, which was in Jerusalem.

“ They drank wine, and praised the gods of gold and of silver, of brass and of iron, of wood and of stone.

“ In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the King's palace. And the King saw the part of the hand that wrote.”—5.

“ In that night was Belshazzar, the King of the Chaldeans, slain ; and Darius, the Median, took the kingdom.”—DANIEL v, 30.

ON the rushing, mighty River,

On the wide, night-covered plain,

Sounds the rattling of the quiver,

Sounds the trump—then dies again.



There, in numbers without number,  
    Persia's hordes are pouring on.  
Thou hast slept thy final slumber,  
    God-defying Babylon !

On the city's thousand towers  
    Blaze a thousand festal fires !  
Squandering his hour of hours,  
    Guilty son of guilty sires,  
There Belshazzar, with his lords,  
    To the timbrel's silvery chime,  
Shoutings wild, and clash of swords,  
    Holds high feast to Baalim.

Tyrant, thou art in thy glory,  
    Asia's treasures round thee blaze,  
Princes proud, and sages hoary,  
    Like a god upon thee gaze ;  
Harmonies around thee winging ;  
    Beauty in her brightest bloom  
To thy golden footstool clinging.  
    Yet, that throne shall be thy tomb !

Hark ! what sudden burst of thunder

Shakes the hall, and heaves the ground !

All are hushed in fear and wonder ;

There is *judgment* in the sound !

Conscience-struck, the crowned blasphemer,

Wild and wilder quaffs the wine :

“ Shall I turn a coward dreamer,

When the living world is mine !

“ Bring the golden cups !” he cries,

“ Purchased by my father’s sword.

“ High to Baal fill the prize,

“ Spite of Israel and his Lord !”

Still, with mortal anguish saddening,

Pledged he round his nobles all.

Ha ! but are his senses maddening ?

Clouds have filled the mighty hall !

Tyrant ! now is run thy sand !

Tyrant ! now is wove thy shroud !

Sees he now a giant hand,

Darting from a fiery cloud ;

Through the midnight, murky air,  
Flashing ghastly on the throne,  
Like a comet's blasting glare,  
MENE, TEKEL, PEREZ, shone.

Now is heard his cry of terror :

“Bring the Priest, and bring the Seer !”  
Crowding came, with magic mirror,  
Cyphered scroll, and mystic sphere,  
All the sons of Sorcery !  
With the Idol in their van ;  
Dark Egyptian, wild Chaldee,  
Rushing on with shout and ban.

Now the human victims lie,  
Embers in the altar's blaze ;  
Now, the priests of blasphemy,  
Whirling, dance in mystic maze.  
Vain the dance, the blood, the spell !  
Still, upon the burning stone  
Glares the fearful oracle,  
Still untold, unread, unknown !

“Let the foul impostors die !”

Swells the roar from Prince and slave.

But, before their startled eye,

Like a vision from the grave,

Comes the man of Israel.

Still the fetters round him cling,

Yet his words, like arrows fell—

Woe to people, woe to King !

“Number, number, weight, and measure !

“Thou art numbered, weighed, undone.

“Life and empire, blood and treasure,

“All are lost, and all are won.”

Instant on the dazzling wall

Stooped the cloud’s supernal gloom,

Instant on the mighty hall

Sat the darkness of the tomb !

Then the thunder pealed again,

But came, mingled with its roar,

Clang of cymbals, shouts of men.

From Euphrates’ hollow shore

Comes the rushing chariotteer ;

    Showers the torch on shrine and throne.

Dark Belshazzar, lie thou there !

    PERSIA tramples Babylon !

## MIDNIGHT.

"Yea, the darkness is no darkness with Thee; but the night is as clear as the day. The darkness and light are to Thee both alike."—PSALM CXXXIX, 11.

GATHER, ye sullen thunder-clouds;  
Your wings, ye lightnings, wave,  
Like spirits bursting from their shrouds.

And howl, thou wild and dreary storm,  
Like echoes of the grave—  
Sounds of the brothers of the worm.

Ay, wilder still, ye thunders, roll;  
Ye lightnings, cleave the ground:  
Ye cannot shake the Christian soul.

In God's high strength, it sits sublime,  
Though Worlds were dust around,  
Defying Chance, outliving Time.

## MALACHI.

THE predictions of Malachi, which close the Book of Prophecy, are remarkable for their especial threatenings of national ruin. And yet the condition of Judæa, at *the time*, was totally opposed to the prophecy. The ruined Temple had been rebuilt, the national polity was partially reformed, and the nation was restored by the power, and placed under the protection, of Persia, the dominant empire of the East. Nothing could afford a more natural hope of continued prosperity, if not of final independence. Yet, it was at this period, that the prophet uttered the strongest menaces of Divine wrath to come; menaces which were not to be fully accomplished for four hundred years, but which we know to have been accomplished to the letter, in the fall of the Nation.

It is not known whether the name in the original, "My Angel," and so translated in the Septuagint, was

adopted from his prophetic office. The prophets were frequently called angels. Malachi is supposed to have been of the tribe of Zabulon, to have been a member of the great synagogue, and as such to have assisted in reinstating the observance of the Law intermitted during the Captivity. He certainly saw the rebuilding of the Temple. He is said to have died young. Four hundred years elapsed before the coming of another prophet to Israel.

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“ For, behold, the day cometh that thou shalt burn as an oven : and all the proud, ye and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble. And the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of Hosts ; that it shall leave them neither root nor branch.”—1, 2.

“ But, unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise, with healing on his wings.

“ Behold, I will send you Elijah, the Prophet, before the coming of the Great Day of the Lord ; and he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers.”—MALACHI III, 1, &c.

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A SOUND on the rampart,

A sound at the gate !

I hear the roused lioness

Howl to her mate :



In the thicket, at midnight,  
They crouch for the prey,  
That shall glut their red jaws,  
At the rising of day.  
For wrath is descending  
On Zion's proud tower ;  
It shall come like a cloud,  
It shall wrap like a shroud,  
Till, like Sodom, she sleeps  
In a sulphurous shower.

For, behold ! the day cometh,  
When all shall be flame,  
Thy robe shall be sackcloth,  
Thy glory be shame.  
When thy tree by the lightnings  
From Earth shall be riven,  
When thy bark o'er the billows  
Of death shall be driven ;  
When the oven, unkindled  
By mortal, shall burn,

And, like chaff, thou shalt glow  
In that furnace of woe,  
And, dust as thou art,  
Thou to dust shalt return.

Thou shalt die, and yet know not  
The rest of the grave ;  
Thou shalt live, and yet live  
To be only a slave !  
Thou shalt die, and yet shrink  
At thy conqueror's tread ;  
Thou shalt live, yet the sword  
With thy earnings be fed !  
The pilgrim of nations !  
Still destined to roam,  
On thy neck, on thy brain,  
Still feeling the chain,  
And, though wandering through Earth,  
Never finding a home !

As the surges of war  
O'er Earth's diadems roll,  
Still, Judah, the iron  
Shall enter thy soul ;  
The Eagle, the Cross,  
And the Crescent, shall shine,  
But, Earth shall awake  
To no banner of thine !  
Thy morning in sorrow,  
Thy evening in fear.  
They shall rise, they shall fall,  
Thou the serf of them all !  
Thy haunt be the dungeon,  
Thy bed be the bier.

'Tis the darkness of darkness,  
The midnight of soul !  
No moon on the depths  
Of that midnight shall roll ;  
No starlight shall pierce  
Through that life-chilling haze

No torch from the roof  
Of the Temple shall blaze.  
But, when Israel is buried  
To final despair,  
From a height o'er all height,  
God of God, Light of Light,  
Her Sun shall arise,  
Her Redeemer be there !

Who rushes from Heaven ?  
The Angel of Wrath !  
The whirlwind his wing,  
And the lightning his path ;  
His hand is uplifted,  
It carries a sword ;  
'Tis ELIJAH ! he heralds  
The march of his Lord !  
Sun ! sink in eclipse,  
Earth, Earth, shalt thou stand,  
When the cherubim wings  
Bear the King of all Kings.

Woe, woe to the Ocean,  
Woe, woe, to the Land ;

Then the sparkles of flame,  
From His chariot-wheels hurled,  
Shall smite the crowned brow  
Of the God of this World ;

Then, captive of ages !  
The trumpet shall thrill  
From the lips of the Seraph,  
On Zion's proud hill !  
For, vested in glory,  
Thy Monarch shall come,  
And from dungeon and cave  
Shall ascend the pale slave ;  
Lost Judah shall rise,  
Like the soul from the tomb !

'Tis the day long foretold,  
'Tis the judgment begun ;  
Gird Thy sword, Thou most Mighty,  
Thy triumph is won ;

The idol shall burn  
In his own gory shrine,  
Then, daughter of anguish,  
Thy dayspring shall shine !  
Loved Zion, thy vale  
With the vineyard shall bloom,  
And the musk-rose distil  
Its sweet dews on thy hill ;  
For Earth is restored—  
The Great Kingdom is come !



## A DIRGE.

“ I will ransom them from the power of the Grave. I will redeem them from Death. O Death ! I will be thy plague. O Grave ! I will be thy destruction.”—HOSEA XIV, 14.

“ EARTH to earth, and dust to dust !”

Here the evil and the just,

Here the youthful and the old,

Here the fearful and the bold ;

Here the matron and the maid

In one silent bed are laid ;

Here the warrior and the king, •

Side by side, lie withering :

Glory, but a broken bust :

“ Earth to earth, and dust to dust !”

Age on age shall roll along  
O'er this pale and mighty throng ;  
Those that wept them, those that weep,  
All shall with the sleepers sleep ;  
Prince and peasant, lord and slave,  
Moving onward, wave on wave,  
Till they reach the sullen shore,  
Where their murmurings are o'er.  
Here the spade, and sceptre, rust :  
“ Earth to earth, and dust to dust !”

But, a day is coming fast,  
Earth, thy mightiest and thy last—  
ALL shall see the Judgment-Sign,  
On the clouds the Cross shall shine ;  
Angel-myrriads on the wing ;  
Earth upgazing on its King ;  
Heaven revealed to mortal sight,  
Earth enshrined in living light ;  
Kingdom of the ransomed Just !  
“ Earth to earth, and dust to dust !”



Then shall dawn immortal day ;  
Death and Sin no more have sway ;  
Then shall in the Desert rise  
Fruits of more than Paradise ;  
Earth by angel feet be trod,  
One great Garden of her God.  
Earth no more the vale of tears,  
Satan chained a thousand years.  
Now in hope of HIM we trust :  
“ Earth to earth, and dust to dust ! ”

## BALAK AND BALAAM.

“ And it came to pass on the morrow, that Balak took Balaam, and brought him up into the high places of Baal, that he might see the utmost part of the people.

“ And he returned unto him, and he stood by his burnt sacrifice, he and all the princes of Moab.

“ Come, curse me, Jacob, and come, defy Israel.

“ How shall I curse whom God hath blessed, or how shall I defy whom God hath not defied ? ”—8.

“ And when he came to him, behold he stood by his burnt offering, and all the princes of Moab with him ; and Balak said unto him, ‘ What hath the Lord spoken ? ’ ”—17.

“ Then he took up his parable, and said, Balaam the son of Beor hath said :

“ I shall see him, but not now. There shall come a star out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall rise out of Israel.”—NUMBERS XXIII.

UPON the hill the Prophet stood,

King Balak, in the rocky vale ;

Around him, like a fiery flood,

Flashed to the sun his men of mail.

'Twas Morn—'twas Noon—the Sacrifice  
Still rolled its sheeted flame to Heaven,  
Still on the Prophet turned their eyes ;  
Nor yet the fearful CURSE was given.

'Twas Eve—the flame was feeble now,  
Was dried the victim's burning blood.  
The sun was sinking broad and low.  
King Balak by the Prophet stood.

“ Now, curse, or die ! ” The echoing roar  
Around him, like a tempest came ;  
Again the altar streamed with gore,  
And flushed again the sky with flame.

The Prophet was in prayer ; he rose,  
His mantle from his face was flung ;  
He listened, where the mighty foes  
To Heaven their evening anthem sung.

He saw their camp, like sunset clouds,  
Mixed with the Desert's distant blue ;  
Saw on the plain their marshalled crowds,  
Heard the high strain their trumpets blew.

“ Young lion of the Desert sand,”  
Burst from his lip the Prophet-cry,  
“ What strength before thy strength shall stand ?  
What hunter meet thee, but to fly ?

“ Come, Heaven-crowned Lord of Palestine,  
Lord of her plain, her mountain throne ;  
Lord of her olive and her vine :  
Come, King of Nations, claim thine own.

“ Be Israel cursed !” was in his soul,  
But on his lip the wild words died ;  
He paused, till night on Israel stole ;  
Still was the fearful curse untried.

Now wilder on his startled ear,  
From Moab's hills and valleys dim,  
Rose the fierce clash of shield and spear,  
Rose the mad yells of Baalim.

"How shall I curse, whom God hath blest ?  
With whom he dwells, with whom shall dwell ?"  
He clasped his pale hands on his breast ;  
"Then be thou blest, O, Israel !"

A whirlwind from the Desert rushed,  
Deep thunders echoed round the hill.  
King, Prophet, multitude, were hushed !  
The thunders sank, the blast was still.

Broad on the East, a newborn Star,  
On cloud, vale, desert, poured its blaze.  
The Prophet knew the SIGN afar,  
And on it fixed his shuddering gaze.

“ I shall behold HIM—but not now ;  
I shall behold HIM, but not nigh.—  
He comes, beneath the Cross to bow,  
To toil, to triumph, and to die.

“ All power is in His hand ; the World  
Is dust beneath His trampling heel.  
The thunder from His lips is hurled,  
The heavens beneath His presence reel.

“ He comes a stranger, to His own ;  
With the wild bird and fox He lies.  
The King, who makes the stars His throne,  
A wanderer lives, an outcast dies !

“ Lost Israel ! on thy diadem  
What blood shall for His blood be poured ?  
Torn from the earth, thy royal stem,  
Victim of famine, chain and sword.”

The Prophet paused, in awe ;—the STAR  
Rose broader on the boundless plain,  
Flashing on Balak's marshalled war,  
On mighty Israel's farthest vane.

And sweet and solemn echoes flowed,  
From harps of more than mortals given,  
Till in the central cope it glowed,  
Then vanished in the heights of Heaven !

## EZEKIEL.

EZEKIEL was a captive in Babylon, carried thither at the period of Jeconiah's imprisonment, (about A.M. 3406). He was placed, with many of his fellow captives, on the Chebar, a tributary of the Euphrates.

Ezekiel was of the sacerdotal race, of the tribe of Levi, and of the line of Aaron. He is supposed to have prophesied during twenty-one years. His style is mystical, but singularly vigorous; and he must have contributed largely to the consolation of his captive countrymen, and their adherence to Judaism during their affliction in Mesopotamia.

The veneration of the Jews for his memory was of the most unbounded order. He was thus said, to be buried in the same sepulchre with the Patriarch



Arphaxad, or even with Shem. The Medes and Persians undoubtedly paid great honour to his remains ; and even Western philosophy was presumed to have derived some of its wisdom from this great Prophet. It is certain, that Pythagoras visited Babylon during the Captivity, and probable, that the Nazaretus (whether a national or a personal name), from whom he received the knowledge of the Mosaic Law, was Ezekiel ; who must have been always a Master of Israel.

“ Moreover, take thou up a lamentation for the princes of Israel.

“ And say, what is thy mother ? a lioness.

“ And she brought up one of her whelps, a young lion. It devoured men.

“ And they brought him in chains into the land of Egypt.

“ Then she took another of her whelps, and he learned to catch the prey, and devoured men.

“ And he knew their desolate palaces, and he laid waste their cities.

“ And they put him in ward in chains, and brought him to the King of Babylon.”—EZEKIEL XIX, 1.

The lion-whelps were Jehoahaz and Johoiakim, the former of whom was made captive by the King of Egypt, the latter by the King of Babylon.

ISRAEL, was a lioness !

Mother of a lion brood,  
Training in her fierce caress,  
All her whelps to gorge on blood.  
Red the surge of Jordan ran,  
For their fearful meal was Man !

One she sent, a forest king,  
Rushing over hill and plain,  
Rapid as the eagle's wing,  
Scorning lance, defying chain ;  
Hebron's mountains heard his roar,  
Heard it Jordan's sedgy shore.

Sharp the talon, fierce the fang,  
When his lair the hunter found,  
When he on the hunter sprang,  
Making all the mass<sup>72</sup> a wound.  
But her lion-whelp is gone,  
Chained to Egypt's tyrant throne !

Then from Israel's lion-den  
Rushed another of her brood.  
Ambushed in his mountain glen,  
Hate his thirst, Revenge his food ;  
Loving night, and shunning day,  
Keen to scent, and strong to slay.

Laying waste the palace hall,  
Laying waste the city gate,  
Glutting his revenge on all ;  
Dark as Death, and fixed as Fate.  
Slaughter tainted earth and air,  
Round that lion's mountain lair !

Tore his fang the serpent's scale ?  
Chased his foot the flying deer ?  
No, the monarch in his mail,  
No, the biting of the spear,  
Only worthy of his spring,  
Banqueted the forest king !

But the nations round him rose,

And the iron net was flung

By the noblest of thy foes,

O'er the fiercest of thy young.

Now his fetter is undone ;

Death is lord—in Babylon !

## THE EVENING STAR.

“ Canst thou bind the sweet influence of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion ?

“ Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season ? or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons ?

“ Knowest thou the ordinances of Heaven ? Canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth ?”—JOB XXXVIII, 31.

TELL us, thou glorious STAR of Eve !

What sees thine eye ?

Wherever human hearts can heave,

Man's misery !

Life, but a weary chain,

Manhood, weak, wild, and vain,

Age, but a lingering pain,

Longing to die !

Tell us, thou glorious STAR of Eve,  
Sees not thine eye  
Some spot where hearts no longer heave,  
In thine own sky ?  
Where all life's dreams are o'er,  
Where bosoms bleed no more,  
Where injured Spirits soar,  
Never to die.

## JOHN THE BAPTIST.

“ In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judæa.

“ And saying, Repent ye, for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand.

“ And the same John had his raiment of camels' hair.

“ Then went out to him Jerusalem, and all Judæa, and all the region round about Jordan.

“ But, when he saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees come to his baptism, he said unto them : O, generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come ?

“ But He that cometh after me is mightier than I.

“ Whose fan is in His hand, and He will thoroughly purge His floor.”—

MATTHEW III, 1.

THE mission of the Baptist was a great moral Revolution. In the forms of Judaism, the people had almost totally forgotten the principles of religion. Those forms were necessary, while the Jews were alone entrusted with revelation ; they became hazardous when that guardian-

ship became unnecessary. The chief charge made on the nation by our Lord, is the result of that hazard—hypocrisy.

The preaching of John proclaimed a “kingdom,” in which the spirit of religion was to supersede its formalities. His only doctrine was, that the kingdom of Christ was at hand; and his only precepts were, the *duties* of every class of mankind.

The National Baptism in the river Jordan was the correlative act of the National Baptism in the Red Sea, a sign that the people were called to a new condition of moral existence, that they were to cast off the habits of Jewish prejudice, as their fathers had cast off the habits of Egyptian superstition, and that they were to prepare by this Baptism for a total change of mind.—(μετανοία).

With that profound reference to the past, which forms one of the finest testimonies of Scripture, John was to Christ, what Aaron was to Moses—the elder born, the first proclaimer of the Mission, the first to die—both John and Aaron dying before they came in sight of success—both the greatest of their time, excepting the two leaders of Judaism and Christianity, who alone conversed with Jehovah face to face, the deliverers of the Law and the Gospel; the Mediator of Israel, and the Mediator of the World.



WHY rush the wild thousands  
From Salem's proud towers ?  
Why rush the wild thousands  
From Jericho's bowers ?  
From the vine-covered valley,  
The olive-hill's side,  
From the cot, from the palace,  
Still rushes the tide !  
The priest and the warrior,  
The lord and the slave ;  
Still onward they pour  
To the willow-wreathed shore,  
Where the Wilderness glitters  
With Jordan's bright wave.

What seek they ? A prince,  
In his tunic of gold !  
What seek they ? A chief,  
Like their warriors of old.  
When the Maccabee scythe  
Mowed the Syrian's mailed hordes,

And Arabia was tame  
At the blaze of their swords.  
But the Heaven-doomed Roman  
Has levelled the throne ;  
And like dust on the gale,  
And like rust on the mail,  
The old lion-banner  
Is shattered and gone.

Hark ! the shouts of the host  
As they sweep o'er the plain ;  
See their gesture of triumph,  
Their glance of disdain.  
“ All hail to the Prophet !  
Four hundred long years  
Have scourged us with scorpions,  
Have steeped us in tears.  
But, the kingdom is coming,  
Its Herald has come.  
*Now* the Roman shall feel  
The tramp of our heel,

And the gods of the Gentile  
Shall plunge in the tomb."

'Tis the Prophet of prophets,  
For ages foretold,  
Of the race that the thunders  
O'er Palestine rolled.  
With a voice that now saves,  
And a voice that now stings,  
Rebuker of people,  
Rebuker of kings.  
His eye like the flash,  
As it darts from the cloud.  
The camels'-hair fold  
Round his limbs' giant mould,  
And a forehead, to all but Jehovah unbowed.

He speaks—all are hushed.  
On his lip burns the coal ;  
The flame from the altar,  
The voice of the soul !

“ Ho ! leaders of Israel,  
Blind guides of the blind,  
With madness before you,  
And vengeance behind ;  
Repent, for the time  
Of Messiah is nigh ;  
For the firebrand shall glow  
O'er your city of woe,  
And the axe at the root  
Of your grandeur shall lie.

“ Why comes the proud Pharisee,  
Scorn in his eye ?  
Why comes the proud Sadducee,  
Looking a lie ?  
Ye sons of the hypocrites,  
Howl in despair.  
Ye kindred of Spoil,  
In its doom ye shall share.  
For the harvest is gathered,  
The fan in the hand,

Ye bosoms of stone,  
Ye infidels, groan ;  
In the day of His vengeance,  
What mortal shall stand ?

“ He stoops from His throne,  
Yet, is mighty to save ;  
The prisoner of Death,  
Yet, the Lord of the Grave !  
The King of all Kings  
As a slave shall expire,  
But his words shall be Spirit,  
His Baptism be fire.  
Then Judah shall perish  
In famine and gore,  
Till the trumpet shall sound,  
And the dead be unbound,  
And MESSIAH be Monarch,  
And Time be no more.”

## THE PROPHECY OF JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM, since the fall of its nation, has undergone more vicissitudes, each a new calamity, than any city of the world, excepting Rome. The chief distinction being the remarkable one, that Rome has been chiefly in the possession of Romans, but Jerusalem has *never* been in the possession of Jews. I now give a brief chronology of those vicissitudes.

A.D. 70. Jerusalem was stormed by the Romans, with immense slaughter, her people sold as slaves, and the national power extinguished. The city, for seventy years, remained a Roman fortress.

A.D. 135. After the rebellion of Barchochebas, which was punished by a havoc, almost approaching to extermination, Jerusalem was made a Roman colony. Jews were prohibited, on pain of death, from dwelling within

her walls. Idolatry was established, a temple was dedicated to Jupiter Capitolinus, on Mount Moriah, and the very name of the city was extinguished in a name adopted from the destroyer; Jerusalem was thenceforth *Ælia Capitolina*.

A.D. 614. The Persians invaded Syria, and stormed Jerusalem, with great slaughter. Under the lenient government of the first Constantine and his successors, Jews had been allowed to dwell in the City, but were thus only the more exposed to the violence of its barbarian conquerors. After the retreat of the Persians, the Greek Emperor resumed the possession, and held it, though with difficulty, until the Mahometan invasion.

A.D. 637. The "Great Caliph," Omar, captured Jerusalem, and built, on the site of the Temple, the Mosque that still bears his name.

During the four centuries which followed, the City was still subject to Mahometans, and the prize of the Saracen rivals. It was wrested from the Caliphs of Bagdad by the Caliphs of Egypt, by them from the Turcomans, and from them again by the Caliphs of Egypt. The misery sustained by the Jews in those barbarian revolutions, for they always clung to Jerusalem, must have been incalculable.

A.D. 1099. A memorable enemy now entered the

field, and increased the calamities of the people. The Crusaders, under Godfrey of Bouillon, invaded Palestine, and after a siege of forty days, took Jerusalem, (15th July), gave up the city to massacre and held it for eighty-eight years.

A.D. 1187. Palestine was overrun by the famous Caliph Saladin. The City next fell successively into the hands of the Emperor Frederic, of the Emir David of Kerek, of the Kharismians, of the Mameluke Sultans, and of the Turks. On the rise of Mehemet Ali, the late Pacha of Egypt, it was seized in his invasion of Syria, but rescued from him in 1841, by an English armament, and given back to the Turks.

Since then, a Protestant Bishop of Jerusalem has been appointed by the joint patronage of the British and Prussian Governments, confirmed by the Firman of the Ottoman Porte.

This may be the foundation of a mighty change. It is the step on the threshold—the feeble dawn—the first whisper of truth heard in the silence of centuries.



'Twas Eve on Jerusalem !  
Glorious its glow,  
On the vine-covered plain,  
On the Mount's marble brow ;  
On the Temple's broad grandeur,  
Enthroned on its height,  
Like a golden-domed isle  
In an ocean of light ;  
And the voice of her multitude  
Rose on the air,  
From the vale deep and dim,  
Like a rich evening hymn.  
But, whence comes that cry ?  
'Tis the cry of despair !

Who stands upon Zion ?  
The Prophet of Woe !  
His frame worn with travel,  
His locks, living snow.  
His hand grasps a trumpet.  
Its sound gives a thrill  
To each heart of the thousands !

The life-blood runs chill,  
At that death-sounding blast !  
All fixing their gaze,  
Where, like one from the tomb,  
The shroud seems to swim  
Round the long, spectral limb,  
And the ashy lip quivers  
With judgment to come.

“Thou’rt lovely, Jerusalem ;  
Lovely, yet stained ;  
A Queen among nations,  
Yet thou shalt be chained.  
Thou’rt magnificent, Zion.  
Yet thou shalt be lone.  
The Pilgrim of sorrow !  
I see thy last stone.

“Hark, hark to the tempest !  
What roar fills mine ear ?  
’Tis the shout of the warrior,  
The storm of the spear.

The Eagle and Wolf

On that tempest are rolled,  
Twin demons of havoc,  
To ravage thy fold.

“They rush through the land,  
As through forests the fire ;  
Woe, woe to the infant,  
Woe, woe to the sire.  
Rejoice for the warrior  
Who sinks to the grave ;  
But weep for the living,  
A ransomless slave !

“ But veiled be mine eyeballs,  
The red torch is flung,  
And the last dying hymn  
Of the Temple is sung ;  
The Altar is vanished,  
The glory is gone.  
The vial is poured,  
The high vengeance is done !

“ Again all is silence,  
But still the death-pall,  
The flag of the Roman,  
Is hung from the wall.  
But the archers are coming,  
Their shafts hide the heaven,  
And the Eagle’s proud breast  
By the Persian is riven.

“ Hark ! a sound from the South,  
’Tis the echo of doom,  
It comes from the Desert,  
The living Simoom !  
As fierce as its sun,  
And as wild as its sand ;  
’Tis Amrou and his Saracens,  
Curse of the land !

“ Like the swamp-generated hornets,  
They rush on the wing,  
By thousands of thousands,  
With Death in their sting.

Like vultures, they sweep  
O'er Moriah's loved hill,  
And the corpse-covered valley  
Of Cedron's red rill.

“ Like the clouds on the mountains,  
Like waves on the shore,  
On sweep the swift chargers,  
Whose hoof is in gore ;  
And Israel has fled  
To the hill and the cave ;  
With slavery behind her,  
Before her the grave.

“ And the clashing of lances  
And shaking of reins,  
Are the sounds of the morning  
On Galilee's plains ;  
And the Desert tambour,  
And the Desert-horn shrill,  
Are the sounds of the sunset  
On Zion's loved hill.

“ Where, where sleeps the thunderbolt ?

Heaven ! hear the cries

Of the Ishmaelite slave,

To his Prophet of lies ;

Hear the howl to his demons,

His frenzy of prayer ;

And, hear Israel’s lament

Of disdain and despair !

“ It has come ! in the saddle

The robber has reeled,

And the turbans are floating

In blood on the field.

I see the proud Chiefs

Of the Cross in their mail ;

And my soul loves the standard

They spread to the gale.

“ Stay, vision of splendour !

On Jordan’s broad marge,

They rush to the battle,

Earth shakes with their charge.

Like lightning the blaze  
From their panoply springs ;  
I see the gold helms  
And crowned banners of Kings.

“ Yet, evil still smites thee,  
Thou daughter of tears !  
No trophy is thine,  
In the shock of the spears.  
The stately Crusader,  
And Saracen lord,  
But give thee the choice  
Of the chain, or the sword !

“ Again all is silence,  
The long grass has grown  
Where the Cross-bearer sleeps,  
In his rich-sculptured stone ;  
And the Land trod by Prophet,  
And chaunted by Bard,  
Is left to the foot  
Of the wolf and the pard.

But who ride the whirlwind ?

The drinkers of blood.

From the summit of Lebanon

Rushes the flood.

'Tis the Turcoman, hovering

For slaughter and spoil.

O, helpless gazelle !

Thou art *now* in the toil !

King of Kings ! on our neck

Sits the slave of a slave,

As wild as his mountains,

As cold as our grave ;

All his sceptre the scourge,

All our freedom his will.

Yet Thy children must tremble,

Must agonise still.

Fly swift, ye dark years !

Still the savage is there ;

The tiger of nations

Is couched in his lair.



The field is a thicket,  
The City a heap,  
And Israel on earth  
Can but wander and weep.

King of Kings ! shall she die ?  
Hark ! a trumpet afar ;  
It pierces my soul,  
Yet no trumpet of war.  
I hear the deep trampling  
Of millions of feet,  
And the shoutings of millions,  
Yet solemn and sweet.

Now the voices of thunders  
Are calling on high,  
The pomp has begun,  
The Redemption is nigh.  
I see the crowned Fathers,  
The Prophets of fire,  
And the Martyrs, whose souls  
Shot to Heaven from the pyre.

Who comes in His glory,  
Pavilioned in cloud ?  
Judah, cast off thy shame !  
Israel, spring from thy shroud !  
Thy King has avenged thee,  
He comes to His own ;  
With earth for His empire,  
And Zion His throne.

## RETRIBUTION.

“ And when he had opened the Fifth Seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God ; and for the testimony which they held.

“ And they cried with a loud voice ; saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost Thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell upon the earth ?

“ And white robes were given unto every one of them ; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow-servants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled.”—APOCALYPSE VI, 9.

THERE are murmurs on the deep,

There are murmurs on the Heaven.

Though the world still sleeps its sleep,

Though no prophet-sign is given,

Earth that final storm shall feel ;

'Tis a storm of man and steel.

Tribes are in their forests now,  
    Idly hunting wolf and deer,  
Tribes are crouching in their snow,  
    O'er their wild and wintry cheer;  
Destined yet to swell the roar,  
When the tempest-rain is gore.

Guilt of old has stained the world,  
    Carnage pour its purple tide,  
But the bolt, in mercy hurled,  
    Quivered o'er the spot, and died.  
When the judgment-fires shall fall,  
Woe to each, and woe to all.

Man has shed man's blood for toys,  
    Love and hatred, fame and gold;  
Now, a mightier wrath destroys.  
    Earth in cureless crime grows old.  
Past destruction shall be tame  
To the rushing of that flame.

When the clouds of vengeance break,  
Folly shall be on the wise,  
Frenzy shall be on the weak,  
Kingdom against kingdom rise.  
Earth, one maddened mighty horde,  
*All*, the kingdom of the sword.

Then, the Martyrs' solemn cry,  
That a thousand years has rung,  
Where their robes of crimson lie,  
Round the "Golden Altar" flung.  
(Saviour, listen to thine own !)  
Shall be answered from the Throne.

Yet shall Rome her conscience lull,  
Till the wine is at the brim.  
Hark the Storm ! her ear is dull ;  
Gleams the flash, her eye is dim.  
Heaven above, and Earth below,  
Arm them for the final Woe !

Still shall Faith be sternly tried,  
Still the dungeon shall be filled,  
Dying as their brethren died,  
Still God's servants "shall be killed."  
From the chain, the scaffold's floor,  
Sons of Glory! ye shall soar.

Then, unhewn by mortal hands,  
From the Mount shall roll the Stone;  
Then Earth's sceptres shall be wands,  
War shall sweep from zone to zone,  
Earth shall see, once more, a FLOOD;  
But, its billows shall be—blood!

## HYMN OF THE UNIVERSE.

A PARAPHRASE FROM GOETHE.

“ Behôld, the Heaven, and the Heaven of Heavens, cannot contain Thee.”  
—1 KINGS VIII, 27.

ROLL on, thou SUN ! in glory roll,  
Thou Giant, rushing through the Heaven,  
Creation's wonder, Nature's soul,  
That hast no Morn, and hast no Even ;  
The Planets die without thy blaze ;  
The Cherubim, with star-dropt wing,  
Float on the ocean of thy rays.  
Thou brightest emblem of their King !

Roll, lovely EARTH, in night and noon,  
    With Ocean's band of beauty bound,  
While one sweet orb, the pearly Moon,  
    Pursues thee through the blue profound ;  
And angels, with delighted eyes,  
    Behold thy plains, and mounts, and streams,  
In day's magnificence of dyes,  
    Swift whirling, like transcendent dreams.

Roll, PLANETS, on your dazzling road,  
    For ever sweeping round the Sun.  
What eye beheld, when first ye glowed ?  
    What eye shall see your courses done ?  
Roll, in your solemn majesty,  
    Ye deathless splendours of the skies,  
Ye Altars, from which angels see  
    The incense of Creation rise.

Roll, COMETS, on your flaming cars,  
    Ye heralds of sublimer skies ;  
Roll on, ye million-million STARS,  
    Ye hosts, ye heavens of galaxies !



Ye, who the wilds of Nature roam,  
Unknown to all but angels' wings,  
Tell us, in what more glorious dome,  
Rules all your worlds, the KING OF KINGS?

## THE PROPHECY AGAINST TYRE.

THE prophecies of Ezekiel divide themselves into three portions,—those relating to the crimes and calamities of the Jews left in Palestine during the Captivity; the punishments allotted to the nations, the Moabites, Ammonites, and Philistines, who had persecuted the Jews; and the encouragement of the Jews detained in Babylon.

But Tyre, as being at once the most profligate, and probably the most persecuting of the neighbouring countries, is spoken of with the strongest abhorrence, and threatened with the heaviest ruin.

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“Son of Man, because that Tyrus hath said against Jerusalem, Alas, she is broken up, that was the gates of the people; she is turned unto me; I shall be replenished, now she is laid waste.

“ Therefore, thus saith the Lord God, Behold I am against thee, O Tyrus, and will cause many nations to come up against thee.

“ And they shall destroy the walls of Tyrus, and break down her towers ; I will also scrape her dust from her, and make her like the top of a rock.

“ It shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea ; for I have spoken it, saith the Lord God, and it shall become a spoil to the nations ; and her daughters shall be slain by the sword, and they shall know that I am the Lord.”—EZEKIEL XXVI, 2.

’Twas morning. On thy ramparts, TYRE,  
Spread to the Sun the standard’s fold,  
And marched to sounds of trump and lyre,  
Thy mitred Priesthood, purple-stoled ;  
And chieftains mailed, with haughty vane,  
Poured to Astarte’s blood-stained fane.

And crowding on thy glorious bay,  
Far as the dazzled eye could gaze,  
Where Tyre’s imperial gallies lay,  
Rose choral hymns, and altars’ blaze.  
And surges, bright as molten ore,  
Wafted the incense to the shore.

Yet in the Pageant clanked the chain,  
And mingled there the captive's groan ;  
And piled upon the ponderous wain,  
The golden spoils of Judah shone ;  
And sharper than the sword or spear,  
Struck to the heart the Tyrian's sneer.

Yet all, at once, are hushed as death,  
Recoils at once the living wave ;  
No footstep falls, is breathed no breath,  
As, like a comer from the grave,  
EZEKIEL's lip and eye of fire,  
Peals Heaven's high wrath on guilty Tyre.

“ Hail ! Queen of Glory, slave of shame,  
Hail ! head of gold, which curses crown,  
Panther, thy ravening shall be tame,  
The bow is drawn that strikes thee down.  
Eagle, thy wing shall lose its plume ;  
Serpent, thy haunt shall be the tomb.

“Thy sword has smote Jerusalem,  
And for that smiting thou shalt die ;  
Thy strength be dust, thy wealth a dream,  
Thy power, like summer-clouds pass by ;  
Thy name, among forgotten things,  
Now war thee with the King of Kings.

“The captive’s hopeless agony,  
The blood that clamours from the ground,  
The altar’s curse, the dungeon’s cry,  
At last, at last one throne have found.  
Tyrant, thy turban shall be bowed,  
That throne is on the thunder-cloud.

“Ride on, in taunt and triumph, ride,  
Thy heart shall be the vulture’s meal.  
Now follows thee a giant stride,  
A giant hand shall grasp thy wheel,  
Thy sceptre shall be weak as air,  
Thy throne shall be a bloody lair.

“ The plague shall wither up thy heart,  
The famine waste thee to the bone ;  
Through the rent skin the nerve shall start,  
Thy veins a flame, thy voice a groan.  
Pangs utterless thy soul shall fill,  
Yet comes the vengeance, sterner still.

“ It comes—I know the distant roar,  
The rushing of the routed field.  
Hark to the storm, whose rain is gore :  
The flood, whose surge is spear and shield ;  
I see thee in the worse than grave,  
I see thee, Asshur’s trembling slave.

“ Yet, thou shalt live. The feud within  
Through weary years thy strength shall drain,  
Corruption fill thy cup of sin,  
And Falsehood forge and fix the chain ;  
And Treason in the dark shall slay,  
And thus thy strength shall melt away.

“Strike, strike, thou Man of Macedon !

Rush on her ramparts, smite her walls.

Now, sets in gore her lingering sun ;

Her palaces thy chargers’ stalls,

Her wealth, the harvest of thy spear.

Now, Tyre, thou’rt of the things that were !

“The Earth shall see a thousand Kings,

Yet thou shalt still be desolate.

A Sand, where vultures rest their wings,

Where the sea-eagle meets its mate ;

A Rock, by time and tempest riven,

Abhorred by man, accursed by Heaven !”

## THE ATLANTIC.

THE Deluge forms a principal feature in the earliest history of every nation. The traditions connected with it in the ancient mythologies, however decorated by the imagination of the Greek, or confused by the mysticism of the Indian, have probably a stronger foundation in truth, than it has been customary to suppose.

The descendants of Noah were the population of the world ; and it is impossible to conceive that the events of the antediluvian ages, in which human life was protracted to such extraordinary lengths, apparently for the purpose of their record, were wholly unknown to the descendants of the great patriarch.

The succinctness of the Mosaic history is accounted for, on the principle that its direct purpose was, to



establish the fact of Creation by the God of Israel, and to give the history of the Promises to Adam and Abraham, unconfused by mingling with the comparatively unimportant details of their ancestral existence.

The location of a vast island, or rather continent, in the space which now forms the bed of the Atlantic Ocean, is the subject of several ancient traditions, and is inwoven with many more. In them all the reference is to a country immediately bordering on the west of Africa, and therefore affording no ground for the theory that America was the Atlantis. Atlas, from whom the submerged continent evidently derives its name, was also described as King of Mauritania. He was a Titan, with thousands of flocks, pastured in fields of unfailing fertility, and with gardens of unrivalled beauty, filled with the most exquisite fruits, and those fruits guarded by an enormous dragon; the whole probably founded on the History of Paradise, the Forbidden Tree, and the Serpent. The fate of the Titan is equally removed from the common order of things. He was warned of his destiny by Themis (Divine Justice), and changed into a mountain.

The Atlantides, a people who survived in his African Kingdom, held that all the Gods (the Antediluvians) had their birth in their country. The seven daughters

of Atlas, Atlantides, married Gods and heroes, and their descendants built cities and founded kingdoms. Atlas was also the first who taught the knowledge of the stars to mankind, and he thus carried the Heavens on his shoulders. Finally his daughters were transformed into islands on the borders of Africa, the Cape de Verde, or the Canaries. They had among their dominions, the Elysian Fields. Our authorities are Strabo, Pliny, and the Timæus of Plato.

Among those imaginations, there is, probably, a considerable ground of truth. It is certain, that the greater part of the present habitable world was once the bed of an ocean. That at the period of the Deluge, the ocean changed its bed, and that consequently the Antediluvian world is now, for the greater part, under the waters, is almost the only secure fact of Geology. The general absence of human remains in the fossil beds, which contain such numberless relics of the lower creation, is equivalent to the proof that the place of the original population has not yet been discovered by human eyes. That discovery must be withheld, until the "sea gives up her dead."

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ROLL on, thou Ocean, dark and deep,
Thou wilderness of waves !
Where all the tribes of earth might sleep
In boundless graves.

The sunbeams on thy bosom wake,
Yet never pierce thy gloom ;
The tempests sweep, yet never shake,
Thy mighty tomb.

Great mystery, unfathomed bier,
Thy secret, who hath told ?
Guilt, power, and passion's wild career,
Man, and his gold.

There lie Earth's myriads in the pall,
Secure from sword and storm,
And he, the feaster on them all,
The canker-worm.

Bright from Heaven's hand, thy mountain's brow
Once basked in morning's beam ;
And loved thy midnight Moon to glow,
On grove and stream.

And stately from thy tree-crowned height,
Looked down the holy fane ;
And filled thy valley of delight
The golden grain.

And floated on thy twilight sky,
The dewy fields' perfume,
The vineyard's breath of luxury ;
Now all—the tomb !

An ocean shrouds thy glory now ;
Where are thy great and brave,
Lords of the sceptre and the bow ?
Answer, wild wave !

Crime deepened on the recreant land,
Long guilty, long forgiven.
There Power upreared the bloody hand,
Pride scoffed at Heaven !

Then came the word of overthrow !
The judgment-thunders pealed,
The fiery earthquake burst below,
Her doom was sealed !

Now in her halls of ivory,
Lie ocean-weed and serpents' slime ;
Buried from man and angel's eye,
The Land of Crime !

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE overthrow of the French Monarchy in 1789, commenced the most fearful series of events since the fall of the Roman Empire. Dynasties had fallen, and factions had flourished before, but there was no instance of the ruin of a Monarchy, by the combustion of its own elements, or of a ten years' Government of successive factions. While all the old features of national disturbance were renewed, the French Revolution exhibited one characteristic wholly new to nations—Infidelity nationally proclaimed, and made a principle of public action. It was the only instance in History, in which Religion was wholly excluded from the motives of the State ; in which Atheism was sanctioned by the decrees of a Legislature ; in which the mortality of the soul

was a political dogma, and in which a Constitution was prefaced by the denial of a God !

The progress of these events is sufficiently remarkable, to be worth nothing in their order.

1789.—On the 5th of May, the States-General met at Versailles—the beginning of the Revolution. On the 27th of June the National Assembly was formed.

On the 13th of August, within six weeks from the first sitting of the National Assembly, the Church of France was overthrown : by the decree for the abolition of tithes. The whole priesthood were instantly pauperized, and many were subsequently massacred. The Church was the first public body subverted by the Revolution.

In 1792, the King was deposed.

In 1793, the King and the Queen were murdered by the guillotine.

In June, the Democracy was proclaimed, its three principles being—the sovereignty of the people, the indifference of the Government to all religious distinctions, and the *levée en masse*, or the right of summoning the whole population to arms.

On the 8th of August the *levée en masse* was practically proclaimed by the decree, “ All Frenchmen are

commanded to hold themselves in permanent readiness for the armies."

September 28.—The Christian Era was publicly abolished. The observance of a Sabbath was prohibited. Olympic games were appointed to be held every fourth year in honour of Liberty.

October 16.—The Sections of Paris demanded at the bar of the Convention the total extinction of religious worship.

November 1.—Gobet, Vicar-General of Paris, attended by a body of the priesthood, abjured Christianity! uttering the fearful words: "All religion is an imposture."

November 10.—The mortality of the soul was proclaimed by an Act of the Convention. An image of Sleep was ordered to be erected in all burial places, with the inscription: "Death is an eternal sleep."

During this period the waste of human life was incalculable. The *levée en masse* had raised fourteen armies, and there was war on all the frontiers. There was still more wasteful war in the interior: the war in the Vendée was a massacre. But the terrible distinction of the time was the personal misery, the popular agony, which accompanied its whole progress. All the noblest and best of France were sent to the dungeon, to be massacred by mobs, or by the scarcely less desperate

cruelty of the tribunals. The prisons were emptied by massacre. The governing factions were in perpetual change, and every change sent the vanquished to the guillotine. Nearly all the original movers of the Revolution died on the scaffold. In Paris the guillotine was in perpetual action. The processions of the condemned became almost a daily pageant. There was a corresponding scaffold in every principal city in France. It was calculated that eighteen thousand persons died by the guillotine alone. This period was justly characterised as, "The Reign of Terror!"

But even the rapid execution of the revolutionary instrument became too slow for the Democracy! Separate execution gave way to the slaughter in masses; the *fusillade*, *noyade*, and *mitraille*, names invented to supply the language of execution with terms required by the new demands of slaughter, belong to this period alone. France exhibited to the world an aspect of squalidness, bloodshed, and suffering, unexampled in the history of the world.

In 1804, this aspect was totally changed. The Democracy was extinguished, and France was a Despotism—and of all despotisms the most rigid, the reign of the sword. Napoleon was declared Emperor. In a country which had abolished all titles of honour, was suddenly established a new nobility of the sword. Principalities

and Dukedoms were distributed among the Generals and Ministers of France. The army even exhibited a spectacle of pomp which had never been seen in Europe. Kings were among the commanders of its divisions, and its march was followed by the vassal Kings of the continent.

Still, the primal spirit of the Revolution survived. The Empire was as Jacobin as the Democracy. Napoleon still offered revolutionary freedom to the provinces of every power which he invaded. His only conception of Government was tyranny, and in the fullest supremacy of the sword, he still loved the dungeon. The illustrious Pitt pronounced him, in all the triumph of his ambition: "The child and champion of Jacobinism."

In 1813, a League of the four great Powers was formed for the *first* time, and England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, at once took the field.

In 1814, the continental army, of a million of men, with another million in reserve, crossed the French frontier, marched upon the Capital, and after a series of battles, extinguished the Empire of Napoleon.

In 1815, Napoleon re-entered France, seized the Throne, lost his army at Waterloo, and surrendered himself as a prisoner to England!

In 1821, May 5, he died at St. Helena.

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“ And the fifth Angel sounded, and I saw a star fall from Heaven unto the Earth.

“ And he opened the bottomless pit, and there arose a smoke out of the pit.

“ And there came out of the smoke locusts upon the earth.

“ And it was commanded them that they should not hurt the grass of the Earth, neither any tree, but only those men which have not the seal of God in their foreheads.

“ And in those days shall men seek death and shall not find it.

“ And the shapes of the locusts were like horses prepared for battle. And on their heads were, as it were, crowns like gold, and their faces were as the faces of men.

“ And they had a king over them.

“ And the four Angels were loosed which were prepared for an hour and a day, and a month, and a year, for to slay the third part of men.”—APOCALYPSE IX, 1.

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I HEARD a trumpet sound,
Earth shook, the Heavens were dim,
I saw a falling Star,
Like the moon's eclipsing limb.
And a blood-stained haze
Rushed round its blaze ;
But that Star still shone
On a kingless throne.

I saw from the Abyss,
 Shoot up a thousand fires ;
I saw a locust-cloud
 Rise on their sulphurous spires.
 In his noontide, the Sun
 Sank, sickening and dun ;
 And the smoke wrapped the Globe,
 Like a funeral robe.

Then, that hell-born locust-host
 Rolled onward like a flood ;
Yet the harvest-field was safe,
 And safe the leafy wood.
 Of that plague-cloud wan,
 The prey alone was Man ;
 And the bond and the free
 To the locusts bent the knee.

There was torment in the land,
 The famine and the chain,
And thousands writhed and groaned,
 And gnawed their tongues with pain.

And the lovely and brave
Were plunged in the grave ;
And in that agony
Thousands prayed to die !

Upon the field of battle,
In exile far and lone,
Men perished for the temple,
Men perished for the throne,
Still the locust-cloud
Was a living shroud ;
And the locust sting
Slew the serf and the king.

I saw an idol temple !
But there no idol shone,
No golden censer burned
To gods of wood or stone.
To a mortal bowed
The shouting crowd,
And the nation's cry
Was blasphemy

I saw a mighty grave !

But no holy sign was there,

But the corpse of king and slave

Was flung in, without a prayer,

And a pillar stood,

Inscribed in blood,

In that tainted gloom,

“ THE ETERNAL TOMB.”

Then, the trumpet rang again,

And the locusts swept the Earth ;

But 'twas now as if her womb

Had teemed with human birth.

They wore the helmets of Kings,

And the rushing of their wings

Was like rushing chariot-wheels,

Or the tramp of chargers' heels.

Above them blazed the banner—

That fiendish, fallen Star ;

Above them winged the Eagle,

Scenting his prey afar.

And the clang of their mail
Rang loud on the gale ;
And Crown and Tiar
Led their legions to war.

Their chieftain was a King—
A King of fearful name !
'Tis shouted in the central caves
Of misery and flane,
ABADDON, the Lord
Of the Sceptre and Sword,
Resistless by man.
But his Star shall be wan !

Then the storm of battle raged,
And the Earth was drenched with blood ;
And the warrior and his steed
Were the wolf and vulture's food.
And the world stood at gaze
At that battle's red blaze,
Like men on the shore
Of an ocean of gore.

Once more the trumpet swelled,
But 'twas glorious now and grand ;
And a shout of triumph pealed
From the Ocean and the Land.
For on fiery wings
Came the Spirits of kings ;
With banners unfurled,
To rescue the WORLD !

MAN.

“What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the Son of Man that Thou visitest him. Thou madest him lower than the angels, to crown him with glory and worship.

“Thou makest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands, and Thou hast put all things in subjection under his feet.”—PSALM VIII, 4, 6.

“Four things the living world control,
The eye, the heart, the mind, the soul.”

THE EYE, the glorious eye !

What lie beneath its splendid sweep ?

All bright, all deep, all high,

Broad Ocean, Alpine steep,

Night's grandeur, morning's rosy dye,

The hues that on the evening waters sleep ;

All beauty, might, and majesty,

Bright orb, all lie within thy splendid sweep.

The HEART, the glowing heart !

What lie within its mystic cells ?

Visions that shame the painter's art,

Deep thoughts, that only silence tells.

Stings, like the Indian's poisoned dart,

That kill unseen. Delicious spells !

Love fixed, till life itself depart ;

Fond thing, all lie within thy mystic cells.

The MIND, the mighty mind !

What lie beneath its sceptre's sway ?

The million wills of humankind,

Empire's young strength, and old decay ;

The laws that grasp the viewless wind,

The science of the Solar way ;

The chains by eloquence entwined ;

Sovereign !—all lie beneath thy sceptre's sway.

The SOUL, the soaring soul !

What lie beneath thy fiery wing ?

Beneath thee burns the starry Pole,

Above thee sits, alone, thy KING !

Thou, when the final thunders roll,
In glory from the grave shalt spring,
Life, Death, and Heaven—the mighty whole—
Immortal ! lie beneath thy fiery wing.

ELISHA IN DOTHAN.

“ Then the King of Syria warred against Israel.

“ And the Man of God sent unto the King of Israel, saying, Beware that thou pass not such a place, for thither the Syrians are come down.

“ Therefore the heart of the King of Syria was troubled for this thing.

“ And one of his servants said, Elisha the Prophet telleth the King of Israel the words that thou speakest in thy bedchamber.

“ And it was told him, saying, Behold, he is in Dothan.

“ Therefore he sent thither horses and chariots, and a great host.

“ And when the servant of the Man of God was risen early, behold, a host compassed the city.

“ And Elisha prayed, and the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw, and beheld the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.

“ And Elisha prayed, ‘Smite this people with blindness.’ And He smote them with blindness.

“ And the King of Israel said unto Elisha, ‘My father, shall I smite them?’

“ And he answered, ‘Thou shalt not smite them.’

“ And he sent them away, and they went to their master.”

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'Tis night ! and the tempest  
Is rushing through Heaven ;  
The oaks on the hills  
By the lightnings are riven :  
The rain in the valleys  
Falls heavy and chill ;  
And the cataract bursts  
In the bed of the rill.  
Wild home for the Syrian,  
On Hermon's white brow !  
While the gust bears along  
The scoff and the song,  
From Israel's proud tents,  
In the forest below.

'Tis midnight—deep midnight,  
The hour for surprise !  
From the storm-shattered ridges,  
The warriors arise :  
Now the Syrian is marching  
Through storm and through snow,

On the revel of Israel  
    To strike the death-blow.  
No light guides his march,  
    But the tempest's red glare ;  
No ear hears his tramp  
In Israel's doomed camp.  
The hunters have driven,  
    The deer to its lair !

Now, wild as the wolf,  
    When the sheepfold is nigh ;  
They shout for the charge,  
    “ Let the Israelite die ! ”  
Still, no trumpet has answered,  
    No lance has been flung,  
No torch has been lighted,  
    No arrow has sprung.  
They pour on the rampart—  
    The tents stand alone !  
Through the gust and the haze,  
The watch-fires still blaze,

But the warriors of Israel

Like shadows are gone !

Then spake the King's sorcerer :

“ King, wouldst thou hear,

“ How these Israelite slaves,

“ Have escap'd from thy spear :

“ Know, their prophet Elisha,

“ Has spells to unbind

“ The words on thy lip,

“ Nay, the thoughts in thy mind.

“ Though the secret were deep

“ As the grave, 'twould be known.

“ The serpent has stings,

“ And the vulture has wings,

“ But he's serpent and vulture,

“ To thee and thy throne !”

'Tis morning—they speed

Over mountain and plain,

'Tis noon—yet no chieftain,

Has slacken'd the rein.

'Tis eve—and the valleys  
Are dropping with wine,  
But no chieftain has tasted  
The fruit of the vine.  
To Dothan the horseman,  
And mailed charioteer,  
Are speeding like fire;  
Their banquet is ire,  
For the scorner of Syria,  
ELISHA is there!

On thy battlements, Dothan!  
That evening, was woe;  
There fell the fierce hail  
Of the lance and the bow.  
Yet, still from the towers,  
The banners were hung,  
And still from the ramparts  
The stormers were flung.  
But, the fire-shafts are showered  
On roof and on wall;



And the cry of despair,  
Rises wild on the air,  
For Dothan, that Eve,  
Must be rescued, or fall !

Hark ! the ramparts are scaled,  
All rush to the gate ;  
'Tis the moment of terror,  
The moment of fate !  
And men tore their garments,  
And women their hair :  
But ELISHA came forth  
From the chamber of prayer.  
Like thunder his voice  
O'er the multitude rolled :  
“ Jehovah, arise !  
Pour Thy light on our eyes ;  
And show Israel the shepherds  
Who watch o'er Thy fold.”

The mountain horizon  
Was burning with light ;

On its brow stood the Syrian,  
In glory and might ;  
Proud waved to the sunset  
The banner's rich fold :  
Proud blazed the gemmed turbaus,  
And corslets of gold.  
And loud rose the taunt  
Of the Infidel's tongue :  
“ Ho ! Israelite slaves,  
This night sees your graves.  
And first, from your walls  
Shall Elisha be flung !”

At the word stooped a cloud,  
From the crown of the sky !  
In its splendours the Sun,  
Seemed to vanish and die.  
From its depths poured a host  
Upon mountain and plain,  
There was seen the starred helm,  
And the sky-tinctured vane,

And the armour of fire,  
And the seraph's bright wing—  
But no eyeball dared gaze  
On the pomp of the blaze,  
As their banner unfolded  
The name of their KING !

But where are the foe !  
Like a forest o'erblown,  
In their ranks, as they stood,  
Their squadrons are strown !  
No banner is lifted,  
No chariot is wheeled ;  
On Earth lies the turban,  
On Earth lies the shield.  
There is terror before them,  
And terror behind ;  
Now, proud homicide,  
Thou art smote in thy pride,  
The Syrian is captive,  
His host are *struck blind* !

There were writhings of agony,  
Yells of despair,  
And eyeballs turned up,  
As if seeking the glare ;  
And sorcerers howling  
To Baal in vain,  
The madness of tongue,  
And the madness of brain !  
And groups of pale chieftains,  
Awaiting in gloom,  
Till the Israelite sword  
In their bosoms was gored ;  
While the shoutings of Dothan  
Seemed shoutings of doom !

But they knew not Elisha,  
They knew not his LORD,  
Unsubdued by the sword,  
They were spared by the sword.  
Sad, silent, and slow,  
Like a funeral train,  
They were led by the hand,  
Over mountain and plain.

Alone by the might  
Of Jehovah o'erthrown ;  
No drop of their blood  
Stained forest or flood,  
Till the host o'er the borders  
Of Israel were gone !

Those, those were the triumphs  
Of Israel of old !

And those were the shepherds  
Who guarded the fold.  
But the Leopard was loosed  
From his thickets again,  
And the flock of the Chosen  
Were scattered and slain.

But, visions are rising,  
Mysterious and grand ;  
The trumpet shall sound,  
And the dead be unbound,  
For the night is far spent,  
And the day is at hand !

## HYMN OF THE MARTYRS.

“ I water my couch with my tears.

“ Mine eye is consumed because of grief; it waxeth old, because of mine enemies.

“ Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity, for the Lord hath heard the voice of my weeping.

“ The Lord hath heard my supplication. The Lord will receive my prayer.”—PSALM VI, 6.

LORD of the Heavens! Earth's King of Kings!

Whose nature and whose name is Love,

Thou, throned upon the Angels' wings,

Saviour, in whom we live and move!

How long shall stream the tear,

That streams to Thee alone?

How long our bosoms bear

Their Cross before Thy throne?

Hear us, and help—Thou Holy One!

For not with flesh and blood we war,  
But with the mighty Unforgiven !  
Their leader, once the Morning Star—  
Their legions, once the sons of Heaven.  
Even Thou hast felt their power—  
Thou of the thorn-crowned brow ;  
The dark, soul-struggling hour,  
The mockery, the blow,  
The vast variety of mortal woe.

Yes ! thou Eternal Majesty !  
With bowed and broken hearts we come,  
And humbled glance, and bended knee ;  
Pale pilgrims of a world of gloom !  
Behold our altar-fires,  
Behold us on them lay  
Earth's dreams and low desires ;  
And long to rend away  
Our robe of sorrow, sin, and clay.

When shall we wear the Angel-crown,  
When shall we wave the Angel-wing ?

When cast our starry chaplets down  
In joy before our Saviour-King ?  
Descend, all glorious One !  
Be Satan downward hurled,  
Be Earth no more his throne ;  
Be Death's dark banner furled—  
Come, Monarch of Thy ransomed world.



## THE WORLD.

“The Earth mourneth and fadeth away, the World languisheth and fadeth away. The haughty people of the Earth do languish.

“The Earth also is defiled under the inhabitants thereof; because they have transgressed the laws, changed the ordinance, broken the everlasting covenant.”—ISAIAH XXIV, 4.

“But, though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day.

“For, our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

“While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.”—2 CORINTHIANS IV, 16.

WHAT is the world? A morn, a noon, an eve:

A scene of lips that smile, and hearts that heave:

A pageant thing of parent, child, and bride,

All, atoms floating down Time's restless tide.

Life, but the loss of all we called our own,  
Like doves, scarce nestled to the heart—and flown !  
A Couch, where tears must mingle with our sleep,  
Till the last slumber—when we cease to weep.  
A phantom-peopled Stage, where all decays,  
Even while the soul is quivering with the gaze.  
Ashes with glory, splendour mixed with gloom,  
Rapture with woe, the bridal with the tomb ;  
The regal mantle with the funeral pall,  
CHANGE, the great Despot, ruling over all !

And is this all the wisdom man can give ?  
Know, Sceptic, *here* we but *begin* to live ;  
Our trials, but the discipline of soul,  
The virtue of Immortals—SELF-CONTRoul !  
Our sorrows, but the seed of glory sown :  
The mercy Heaven's ; the errors all our own !  
Lord of the heart ! howe'er *my* race be run,  
So let it finish, that "*Thy will be done.*"



## THE JUDGMENT DAY.

“ And he spake a parable unto them, to this end; that men ought always to pray, and never to faint.

“ And shall not God avenge His own elect, which cry day and night to Him, though He bear long with them ?

“ I tell you, He will avenge them speedily. Nevertheless, when the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith upon the Earth.”—LUKE XVIII.

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GREAT GOD ! how long shall man defy
Thy vengeance, but to taunt—and die !
How long his frantic lip blaspheme
Thy glorious Kingdom, as a *dream* !
How long the Atheist's sullen soul
Disdain the Prophet's burning scroll !
How long before the idol-shrine
Bow the lost hearts, that should be Thine ?
Thou sinner's dread—thou sinner's stay,
When comes, Great God ! Thy Judgment Day ?

Great God ! how long Thy scattered sheep,
Thy Saints, shall only watch and weep !
Pour Thy high truths on thankless ears,
And eat the bread of toil and tears !
Walk through a scoffing world—alone ;
The SERPENT on Thy rightful throne !
Ye comets, light our more than gloom ;
Ye thunders, burst our more than tomb.
Thou sinner's dread—thou sinner's stay,
When comes, Great God ! Thy Judgment Day ?

Great God ! already fills the wine
The cup of wrath, the final Sign !
The foul and fierce Idolater,
Tyrant at once and tempter here !
Earth stamped with crimes, undared before,
Man, guilt-corrupted to the core,
The world in deepening evil still,
At last one great, consummate Ill !
Thou sinner's dread—thou sinner's stay,
When comes, Great God ! Thy Judgment Day ?

Great God ! I see Thy sickle sweep ;
The harvest's ripe, 'tis time to reap !
At midnight shall the startled eye
Be fixed upon the flashing sky ;
All hearts with sudden fear be wrung,
All knees in sudden prayer be flung :
Now taunt, thou haughty Infidel !
When the last thunders round thee swell.
Thou sinner's dread—thou sinner's stay,
Is this, Great God ! Thy Judgment Day ?

Great God ! then all shall be revealed !
Guilt from all eyes, but Thine, concealed ;
The tyrant-wrong, the traitor-art,
The whole dark history of the heart.
Mad avarice, and madder pride,
The hand in midnight murder dyed ;
Secrets in stern oblivion flung,
Now trembling on the wretch's tongue.
Thou sinner's dread—thou sinner's stay,
Is this, Great God ! Thy Judgment Day ?

Great God, I hear the trumpet sound !
It rings to Earth's remotest bound,
To Ocean's deepest depths it rings ;
Death's sentence to all living things !
Life's summoner to all the dead !
Give up, thou old Unlimited ;
Give up, dark Grave, thy countless spoil ;
Rise all that ever trod Earth's soil !
Thou sinner's dread—thou sinner's stay,
This is, Great God ! Thy Judgment Day !

WRATH ON JERUSALEM.

“ Woe to Ariel,* to Ariel, add ye year to year, kill sacrifices.

“ Yet I will distress Ariel, and there shall be heaviness and sorrow.

“ And I will camp against thee round about, and lay siege against thee.

“ And thou shalt be brought down, and thy speech shall be low out of the dust, as of one that hath a familiar spirit.

“ Thou shalt be visited by the Lord of Hosts with thunder, and with earthquake, and with storm and tempest.

“ Stay yourselves and wonder, cry ye out, they stagger, but not with strong drink.

“ For the Lord hath poured upon you deep sleep, and hath closed your eyes, the prophets and your rulers, the seers hath He covered.”—ISAIAH XXIX, 1.

WOE to Ariel, woe to Ariel !

Swift shall come her agony,

Though the songs of Zion swell,

Though on Heaven is fixed the eye,

* Ariel, the Lion of God, the prophetic name of Jerusalem.

Though the daily Sacrifice
Flames to the insulted skies.

Round her walls shall spread a camp !
Yet no warrior's tread be there,
Like the lion's midnight ramp,
Echoing on the sleepless ear.
What are mortal spear and shield,
When Heaven's armies sweep the field ?

Mine shall be the chariot-wheel,
Rolling on the harvest-storm ;
Mine the crushing thunder-peal,
Mine the locust and the worm ;
Famine to the land shall cling,
Plague its livid heart shall wring !

Then, thy rebel multitude
Misery's last dregs shall drain ;
Then, thy soul shall be subdued
To the chain, the more than chain.

Who the fetter shall unbind,
When its links are in the mind ?

Like a viewless, soundless stream,
Year on year shall linger by ;
All thy waking, but a dream ;
All thy life, a lethargy ;
Till thy haughty voice is low,
Like a Spirit's voice of woe !

Memory shall rack thy brain,
With the glories past away ;
Day, diversity of pain ;
Night, alone a darker day !
Anguish shall her furrows plough
In thy pale and unhelmed brow.

What to Me is prayer or praise,
When the heart no more is given ?
What to Me the Altar's blaze,
But the mockery of Heaven ?

Vain the clouds of incense rise ;

All is *Heathen*, in mine eyes.

Madness ! shall the potter's clay

Proudly on the potter turn !

Shall the creature of a day,

Heaven's eternal wisdom spurn !

Shall the hypocrite's disguise,

Baffle Heaven's eternal eyes !

Then shall fail the Prophet's vision,

Then is filled thy cup of woe ;

Thou, the Heathen's fierce derision !

Ruin's last and heaviest blow.

Drunken, but not drunk with wine,

All shall see the blow—*divine*.

Wake, ere waking be too late !

Till the wisdom of the wise

Shall but force thee to thy fate,

Lies be truth, and truth be lies ;

Plunged in impotence of soul,

Faction, Frenzy, Death—the Whole !

THE WOE UPON ISRAEL.

“ My well-beloved hath a vineyard in a very fruitful hill.

“ And he planted it with the choicest vine, and built a tower in the midst of it ; and he looked that it should bring forth grapes, and it brought forth wild grapes.

“ And now go to. I will tell you what I will do to my vineyard. I will take away the hedge thereof.

“ And I will lay it waste : there shall come up briars and thorns.

“ The harp and the viol and wine are in their feasts, but they regard not the work of the Lord.

“ Therefore Hell hath opened her mouth, and their glory shall descend into it.

“ Woe unto those who call evil good, and put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter.

“ Therefore is the anger of the Lord turned against His people.

“ And He will lift up an ensign to the nations from afar.

“ None shall be weary nor stumble among them.

“ Their horses’ hoofs shall be like flint, and their wheels like a whirlwind.

“ Their roaring shall be like a lion, they shall roar and lay hold of the prey, and none shall deliver it.”—ISAIAH v, 1.

ISRAEL, thou wert once a Vine,
Never clusters dropped such wine ;
Round its beauty wreathed a bower,
O’er it watched a guardian tower ;
But the dark Idolater,
Son of Sin and Spoil, was there,
And my vineyard was defiled,
All its glorious fruitage—wild !

But, a cloud shall blight thy bower,
But, a blast shall shake thy tower ;
Branching stem, and sheltering hedge,
All, shall feel the axe’s edge.
Then shall be the Curse fulfilled,
Thou shalt lie a Land untilled ;
Anguish-ploughed, and famine-worn,
Buried in the weed and thorn ;

All thy beauty, swamp and sand—
Of all Lands, the loneliest Land !

Hark ! I hear the dancers bound ;
Hark ! the maddening cups go round.
On the midnight revel swim
Frantic song and Idol-hymn.
Day and night, still sin on sin,
Adding to the weight within,
Scarcely rescued from the chain,
Ripening for its links again !

Hell is longing for thy tread,
Living, yet already dead !
Now it opes its jaws of flame
For the remnant of thy name.
Idly wise, and weakly great,
Hourly tampering with thy fate,
Palace, cottage, temple, wall,
Mean or mighty, thou shalt fall !

Israel, where are now thy wise ?
Woe to those who live by lies,
Calling (all their souls deceit)
Evil good, and bitter sweet,
Selling justice, pampering crime,
But revenge shall bide its time !
Like the chaff before the gale,
Like the harvest in the hail,
Like the stubble in the blaze,
Like the cluster that decays,
Ere 'tis ripened on the tree—
Israel, thou and thine shall be !
Think'st thou that My wrath shall sleep,
When I see the Orphan weep !
When I see thy revels fed
With the lonely widow's bread !
Now, the shaft is on the string,
That shall strike thy haughty wing.

Listen, where in more than gloom,
Rush the fillers of the tomb ;

Come from regions fierce and far,
Come with more than mortal war.
Swift as eagles' wings they sweep,
None shall stumble, none shall sleep :
Strange their accents on thine ear ;
All before them, flight and fear,
Flint their horses' hoofs, their wheel
Making all thy mountains reel ;
Roaring, like the lion's roar,
Till their thirst is gorged with gore !

P O E M S.

THE DREAM OF MAHOMET II.

THE Ottoman Empire is the most singular instance in History, of a vast dominion reared solely by the sword, governed by the expenditure of blood, despising civilization, disordered in every function of government, yet advancing from conquest for three centuries, without a check :* and though thenceforth exposed to all the great military Powers of Europe, retaining its vast possessions unimpaired for three centuries more.

The first advance of the Turks to Europe was the invasion of Nicomedia by Othman, the son of a Turcoman chief in the service of Aladdin, the Sultan

* From A.D. 1299 to 1566.

of Iconium.* The Asiatic territory of the Greek Emperors was lost in a struggle of two centuries, closed by the capture of Constantinople.† The corpse of the last Constantine was found buried under a heap of slain, and Constantinople became the capital of a new faith, a new people, and a new empire.

The successors of Mahomet II. lavished the blood, but exercised the valour, of their armies in expeditions to Armenia, the Caucasus, and Persia. But the true prize was in the West. All solid sovereignty belongs to the hardy frames and steady temperament of the European nations. Soliman I. threw himself upon Hungary. Combining the operations of a fleet and an army, in itself an evidence of the superiority of his genius to his time, he at once invaded Hungary, and assaulted Rhodes, then the stronghold of the Knights of St. John, and looked upon as the bulwark of Christendom. By the reluctant aid of the Venetians, Rhodes, after a memorable siege, was taken; and Soliman invaded Austria, at the head of two hundred thousand men, a force which no potentate of Europe, in the rudeness and distractions of the age, could hope to resist.

* 1299.

† 29th of May, 1453.

On its march it trampled down the army of Hungary, which had the madness to stand in its way; and leaving the bodies of twenty thousand men, with their King, on the field, and converting the kingdom into a Turkish province, it invested Vienna. But in the midst of his conquests, with all Christendom trembling at the approach of the Horsetails, Soliman died.

With him the Ottoman Empire had reached its fated height. Thenceforth, it was to descend. Soliman, a hero and a legislator, reigned almost half a century. The reigns of his successors became proverbial for their brevity. The Janizaries were the true masters of the throne. From the reigns of Mustapha I., whom they strangled for his effeminacy, and Achmet, whom they placed on the throne and then strangled for his usurpation, those troops were the recognized masters, and executioners, of the Sultans. But the first decisive recoil of the Empire was the defeat of the Vizier Kaza Mustapha, under the walls of Vienna, by John Sobieski at the head of the Polish army.* It invaded the West no more. In the beginning of the next century, it was assailed

* 12th of September, 1683.

on the weakest of its frontiers by the most formidable of its enemies. Peter the Great invaded Moldavia.* But though repelled, and even forced to make a convention for his retreat, his successors never forgot the hope of conquest, and it still forms a *principle* of their throne.

The present century commenced in an accumulation of those horrors which had become characteristic of Turkish history—Selim, the rightful Sultan, dethroned and strangled; Mustapha, the usurper, dethroned and strangled; Bairactar, the famous Vizier, in his attempt to avenge the murder of Selim, blown up by his own hand, and a multitude of his adherents slaughtered by the Janizaries; and finally, the Janizaries massacred by Mahmoud, the Sultan; all less resembling the acts of an established government than the last convulsions of a suicidal Empire.

Yet the Ottoman Government has stood, the succession of the Sultans is preserved, and the power of the nation is placed under the protection of the chief Cabinets of Europe. Mahmoud was a man of singular ability, though unfortunate; and the present Sultan has conducted his Government with a manliness and moderation entitling him to the respect

* 1711.

of the European powers. The Seraglio was the true cause of Turkish decline. The secrecy of its bloody transactions, its habitual separation of the Sovereign from his people, the influence which it gave to women and slaves, and the desperate selfishness and grave impurity which must have been nurtured within its walls, extinguished all the rude original virtues of barbarism.

This system is now partially changed. The Monarch no longer trembles at the sight of his subjects, and his subjects no more tremble at the sight of their Monarch. The hideous executions of the Seraglio have ceased: ministers are changed without the bowstring, and the Sultan feels at the mercy of the multitude no more.

But the providential purpose will yet be fulfilled. Mahometism was sent to punish the corrupted Religion and incurable profligacy of the Greek Empire; it has lain on the land ever since; the lava, whether burning in its flow, or solid in its stagnation, equally forbidding the fertility of the soil. Of the future what man shall tell? but a higher than human foresight has pronounced that Christianity shall yet cover the GLOBE!

SULTAUN ! Sultaun !*

Thou art Lord of the World !

The crown of its crowns

At thy footstool is hurled.

Now trembles the West,

The East kneels before thee ;

Joy, joy to the breast

Of the mother that bore thee.

Earth's tale shall be told,

Ere thy banner's green fold

Is dust, or thy name

Is no longer a flame !

Hark, hark ! to the shouts,

Where thy Turcomans lie,

Round the feast on the ramparts,

That blaze to the sky.

Where the battlements reek

With the gore of the Storm ;

And the spoils of the Greck

With his heart's-blood are warm ;

* The Turkish pronunciation of the title.

And his new-wedded bride,
By the conqueror's side,
As his corpse, wan and cold,
Sits in fetters of gold !

High hour in the Palace !
There sits at the board,
With Imaum and warrior,
The King of the Sword !
And shouting they quaff
The Infidel wine,
And loudly they laugh
At the hypocrite's whine.
“ Let women and boys
Shrink from Earth and its joys.
Was the grape only given
For Houris and Heaven ?”

Now the banquet is ended ;
The cannon's last roar
Has welcomed the night
On the Bosphorus' shore.

Now the sweet dew of slumber
Has fallen on each eye ;
And, like gems without number,
The stars fill the sky ;
And no echo is heard,
But the night-chaunting bird ;
And the tissues are drawn
Round thy chamber, Sultaun !

There is pomp in that chamber,
That dazzles the eye ;
The ivory and amber,
The loom's Indian dye ;
The diamond-starred shield,
That its keen lustre flings,
Where the golden lamp streams
On the King of Earth's Kings.
Yet, the pale, watching slave,
Who hears thy lip rave ;
And hears that heart-groan,
Would shrink from thy throne !

Sultaun ! Sultaun !

Why thus writhe in thy sleep,

Why grasp at thy dagger,

Why shudder and weep ?

There are drops on thy brow,

Thick-falling as rain ;

The wringings of woe

From the heart and the brain.

And thy cheek's now blood-red,

Now pale as the dead !

Art thou corpse ? art thou man !

Sultaun ! Sultaun !

There are visions unsleeping,

Before that closed eye !

Hosts rushing o'er Earth,

Hosts plunged from the sky ;

And Fields thick with carnage,

And Cities in flame,

And Rulers of darkness,

That Man dares not name.

The Sultaun feels a grasp,
Like a serpent's strong clasp ;
And from Earth he upsprings,
In a whirlwind of wings !

Now, he shoots through the clouds,
Till the sounds of Earth die ;
Through fire, and through floods,
Till the Stars seem to fly.

Then, he shoots down again ;

He is standing alone,
On a measureless plain.
And around him are strown,
Wrecks of time-mouldered bones,
Crushed under their thrones ;
And the viper's dark swarms,
Twining jewels and arms !

Then, like rushing of cataracts,

Uttered a Voice :—

“ Wilt thou see what shall come ?

Man of Fate, take thy choice.

Who the future *will* know,
Shall see clouds on his Dawn."—
"Come weal or come woe,"
High spoke the Sultaun !
Then the Plain seemed to reel
With the clashing of steel,
And upburst a roar,
Like the Sea on the shore.

"I see on the Desert
The gatherings of gloom :"—
"Those clouds are thy Moslems,
The armies of doom !"
Then, the Danube was blood,
And Buda was flame,
And Hungary's lion
Lay fettered and tame.
Then fell proud Belgrade,
Nor the torrent was stayed,
Till, Vienna, it rolled
Round thy turrets of gold !

Ho ! Princes of Christendom
Shrink at the sound ;
Ho ! cling to thine altar,
Old King, triple crowned !
Ay, look from thy Vatican ;
All is despair ;
Thy Saints have forgot thee,
No Charlemagne is there !—
But a haze, deep and dun,
Swept over the Sun ;
And the Pageant was fled,
All was still as the dead !

Then the Plain was a sea
Of magnificent blue ;
And in pomp o'er the waters
The Crescent-flag flew.
There, the haughty Venetian
Came sullen and pale ;
And on wall and on rampart
The gun poured its hail.

Where thy warriors, St. John,
Stood, like lions alone !
Till the trench was a grave
For the last of the brave !

Then, all passed away,
Fleet and rampart were gone ;
He heard the last shout,
The trumpet's last tone.
But o'er the wild heath
Fell the rich Eastern night :
The rose gave her breath,
The Moon gave her light.
'Twas the Bosphorus' stream
That reflected her gleam ;
And the turrets that shone
In that light were HIS OWN !

“Sultaun ! Sultaun !
Now look on thy shame ;”
In a silken Kiosk
Lay a vice-decayed frame.

And before his faint gaze,
To voice and to string,
Danced his soft Odalisques,
Like birds on the wing.
There was mirth mixed with madness,
Strange revel, strange sadness ;
The bowstring and bowl,
The sense and the soul !

Where are now his old warriors ?
All tombed in their mail :
Where his Banner of Glory ?
Let none tell the tale.
But the gilded caique
Floated smooth as a dove ;
And the song of the minstrel
Was Beauty and Love !
The Sultaun, with a groan,
Saw the son of his throne
Slave to Woman and Wine :
Well he knew the dark Sign.

But vengeance was nigh,
On the air burst a yell;
And the cup from the grasp
Of the reveller fell.
Who rush through the chambers
With hourra and drum?
The Janizar thousands,
The blood-drinkers come!
Then, a thrust of the lance,
And a wild, dying glance,
And a heart-gush of gore,
And all's hushed—and all's o'er.

Then again came thick darkness,
Till dawned a new day;
But no glory of thine
Was awaked by the ray.
Thy kingdoms, like gems
From thy turban, were torn;
The cusps from the horns
Of the Crescent were shorn.

The Muscovite roar
Echoed round thy pale shore ;
And the brand seemed to glow
O'er thy City of woe !

Ay, mightiest of conquerors !

Well may'st thou weep,
And struggle to rend
The dark fetters of sleep.

Before thee stands Azrael,

The King of the Tomb ;
At his call rise the Spirits
Of War on the gloom.
From South and from North
Come the torturers forth ;
Till the flags of the world
Round Stamboul are unfurled !

Why pauses the sword,
That thirsts in the hand ?
Does the thunder-burst wait,
But the final command !

It shall rush like a deluge,
The terrible birth
Of the vengeance of Heaven,
And madness of earth.
When Sovereign and slave
Shall be foam on its wave ;
Thy kingdom is gone—
Sultaun ! Sultaun

THE EMPEROR AND THE RABBI.

THERE is a tradition of the Talmud, that a Rabbi, attempting to convert Trajan to the faith of Israel, was met by the objection: "How can I believe in Him whom I cannot see? Show me your God, and I will worship Him."

The reply of the Rabbi was: "I cannot show you my God, because He is not to be perceived by the senses of man; but I shall show you one of His ambassadors."

The Rabbi led Trajan into the open air, and showed him—the SUN.

"OLD Rabbi, what tales dost thou pour in mine ear,
What visions of glory, what phantoms of fear."

Of a God, all the Gods of the Romans above,
A mightier than Mars, a more ancient than Jove.

“ Let me see but his splendours, I then shall believe.
’Tis the senses alone that can never deceive.
But show me your Idol, if earth be his shrine,
And your Israelite God shall, old dreamer, be mine !”

It was Trajan that spoke, and the stoical sneer
Still played on his features, sublime and severe,
For, round the wide world, that stooped to his throne,
He knew but one God, and himself was that one !

“ The God of our forefathers,” low bowed the Seer,
Is unseen by the eye, is unheard by the ear ;
He is Spirit, and knows not the body’s dark chain ;
Immortal His nature, eternal His reign.

“ He is *seen* in His power, when the storm is abroad ;
In His justice, when guilt by His thunders is awed ;
In His mercy, when mountain and valley and plain
Rejoice in His sunshine, and smile in His rain.”

“Those are dreams,” said the monarch, “wild fancies of old ;
But, what God can I worship, when none I behold ?
Can I kneel to the lightning, or bow to the wind ?
Can I worship the shape, that but lives in the mind ?”

“I shall show thee the herald He sends from His throne.”
Through the halls of the palace the Rabbi led on,
Till above them was spread but the sky’s sapphire dome,
And, like surges of splendour, beneath them lay Rome ;

And towering o’er all, in the glow of the hour,
The Capitol shone, Earth’s high centre of power :
A thousand years glorious, yet still in its prime ;
A thousand years more, to be conqueror of Time.

But the West was now purple, the eve was begun ;
Like a monarch at rest, on the hills lay the sun ;
Above him the clouds their rich canopy rolled,
With pillars of diamond, and curtains of gold.

The Rabbi’s proud gesture was turned to the orb :
“O King ! let that glory thy worship absorb !”—

“What, worship that sun, and be blind by the gaze ;
No eye but the eagle’s could look on that blaze.”—

“Ho ! Emperor of Earth, if it dazzles thine eye
To look on that orb, as it sinks from the sky,”
Cried the Rabbi, “what mortal could dare but to see
The Sovereign of him, and the Sovereign of thee !”

REMEMBRANCE.

"If I forget Thee, let my right hand forget her cunning."—PSALM CXXXVII.

SHALL mortals murmur at the grave ?

I weep, I worship, and obey !

When all a Father's mercy gave,

A Father's wisdom takes away.

Still live the fine, fond ties that bind

The heart to heart, the mind to mind.

The thoughts that fill the eyes with tears,

The hours of consecrated love,

The tried companionship of years,

The hope, again to meet above ;

Can those be only things of air ?

To doubt—were doubly anguish there.

If Memory, busy Memory,
Still gives the accents to our ear ;
Still brings the form before our eye,
All that we loved to see, and hear—
The look, the voice, the step, so *known*,
We scarcely can believe them—gone !

The fond contrivances to please ;
The Art, divested of all art,
To set the anxious mind at ease ;
The heroism of the heart ;
The sunshine of life's wintry day :
Those cannot, cannot pass away !

If Heaven has glorious mysteries,
Truths, triumphs, only known above,
Too dazzling for our mortal eyes,
The mighty miracles of LOVE !
Shall the pure Spirit only soar,
(All love on earth) to love no more ?

If Friendship, beyond Mount or Main,
Still treasures all that once was dear,
And those it ne'er may see again,
Awake the wish, awake the tear.
What art thou, dread ETERNITY,
But loftier Mount, and broader Sea !

THE WANDERINGS OF IO.

(FROM THE "PROMETHEUS" OF ÆSCHYLUS.)

FABLE revels in the history of Io. She was the daughter of Inachus, who was the son of Oceanus and Tethys, the latter being the daughter of Uranus and Terra—Heaven and Earth, (all which lofty genealogy probably meant that Inachus had come from beyond the Mediterranean.) He founded the kingdom of Arg^os, where his daughter Io was born, and was priestess of Juno. She was so eminent for beauty, that she aroused the jealousy of the goddess. Jupiter, to protect her, transformed Io into a cow! but Juno was not to be deceived, and she requested the cow as a present. The request was complied with, but Io was

still the source of dissension in Olympus. Juno appointed Argus, the hundred-eyed, to watch the cow, but Jupiter sent Mercury to kill Argus, which he effected by piping him to sleep, and then cutting off his head. His eyes were transferred (by Ovid) to the peacock's tail. Juno, not to be baffled, next sent one of the Furies to torture her, and she fled through the world till she reached the banks of the Nile.

Here she entreated to be restored to her former shape, and the persecution, which unaccountably pursued her as a cow, ceased on her becoming once more a woman. In Egypt she married Osiris, the King, and after her death was worshipped as an Egyptian divinity—the Isis.

But of this mass of absurdity Æschylus is guiltless. He makes no allusion to the persecutions inflicted by Juno, or to the protection afforded by Jove, to whom, however, he attributes the restoration of Io to the human shape.

Much labour has been wasted by the learned in such matters, on the story of this wanderer, which seems to rank as one of the oldest traditions of Greece, if not of Ionia, for Homer names Mercury the *Argus-slayer*. The transformation of Io has been supposed by some to refer to the “Mooned” Isis, which was represented

in Egypt with the crescent on its forehead, a worship which *may have* been transferred to Argos. By others it has been humiliated into the history of a lunatic, (as in the instance of the Præitides,) imagining herself a cow. The more probable source is the history of Nebuchadnezzar, whose tremendous infliction must have been known all over the East, the original land of all those traditions. Æschylus has taken the advantage natural to a great poet, and has formed on the wanderings of the goddess (or the lunatic) a "Tour of Europe," as then known, finished by a glance into the Egyptian Mysteries.

IO SOLICITS THE GUIDANCE OF PROMETHEUS.

Prometheus speaks.

" Go, young beauty, loved of Jove,
Doomed the weary world to rove ;
Mother of a race of Kings,
Yet to feel life's sharpest stings.

Go not where the Scythian wain
Toils along the endless plain,
And the clouded morning light
Seems but sister of the night.

Go not where the furnace-gleam,
Shining on the midnight stream,
Down its mountain channels rolled,
Like a cataract of gold,
Shows where in their forests freeze,
Sons of steel, the Chalybes.

Go not where Araxis pours,
Roaring as the lion roars,
Flashing round my mountain-chain,
Like the lion's tossing mane ;
Nor with fainting footsteps climb,
CAUCASUS, thy heights sublime,
Nature's dreariest solitude,
Soil of sorrow, soil of blood,
When the restless thunder fills
All the star-aspiring hills,
Blinding eye, and rending ear,
Man's first birthplace, Man's last bier !

“ Io, tempt the storm no more,
But along the gentle shore,
Where Thermodon’s waters sleep,
Where the roses ever weep,
Where the golden helm and lance,
In the southern sunbeam glance,
And the Amazonian targe,
Glitters in the sportive charge ;
Life one endless, joyous day,
Wanderer, take thy trembling way.

“ But, again thy woes must wake !
By the vast Cimmerian Lake,
Where no Zephyrs fan the wave,
Stagnant, silent as the Grave,
Vapour-shrouded, dark, and deep,
Emblem of eternal sleep,
Must thy wayward footsteps glide
Its funereal breast beside,
Till the pale Mæotie shore,
Sees thy day of trial o’er,

Giving to its Strait thy name,
Its title to immortal fame.

“ Yet, thy task must still be done !
Thou must go, and go *alone*,
To the Caverns, deep and drear,
Where the sister-shapes of fear,
PHORCYS’ daughters, hoar with age,
In their adamantine cage,
Triple-formed, sit side by side,
By the hand of Nature tied.
With *one* eye, *one* mouth, *one* heart,
Plying still their wondrous art,
All their mystery and might,
Veiled in one eternal night.
Round their shrine no censers gleam,
Sparkles there no starry beam,
Blaze no purple lights of morn,
Shines no evening lunar horn,
Well for mortals, that no eye,
Can their dark dominion spy.

“ Who, of mortal born could bear,
All the mystic terrors there !
Who could see the Gorgons grim,
With the scale-enveloped limb ;
With the poison-darting fang,
Yet not feel the dying pang !
Who could see the Gryphon brood,
Reeking from their feast of blood,
Riding on the sulphurous air,
With their living viper-hair ;
Or the countless spectral hosts,
Hovering on the dismal coasts
Of the flaming Phlegethon,
With eternal shriek and moan !
But must long to hide the head,
In the darkness of the dead.

“ Go, but dread the Arimasp,
Deadlier than the flying asp,
On their steeds of blasting light,
Flashing through the Lybian night ;

With their *one*, fire-darting eye,
Like a meteor rushing by,
And their tongues of forky fire,
Uttering words of Demon ire.
Things of anguish, things of fear,
Worse than death, to see, or hear !

“ Listen, Princess, on thine eyes,
Wonders shall on wonders rise ;
To the Ethiop mountains borne,
Where no mortal sorrows mourn ;
Where the living waters run
From the fountains of the Sun ;
Where, with flower-enwreathen hands,
Nigris, on thy golden sands,
To the forest’s harmony
Dance the Daughters of the Sky ;
And the Seasons fold their wing,
Nature, one eternal Spring !

“ Still, thou weary, woe-worn one,
Fate’s high will must all be done ;

Next, thy foot must tread the Sand,
Guarding the time-honoured land,
Where the temple-crested Nile
Glow's beneath the Morning's smile,
Glow's beneath the hues of Even,
Mirror of Man's brightest Heaven.
There, shall Ammon's oracle
All thy wounded spirit heal !
Then the Fates no more shall frown,
Then thy brow shall wear a Crown,
Oe'r thee joy shall wave her wings,
Daughter, Mother, Bride of Kings ;*
Till the living world shall gaze,
On thy Altar's glorious blaze !"

* Io was the mother of a long line of Mythological heroes and heroines :
Epaphus, Danaus, Acrisius, Hypermnestra, Proetus, Danae, Perseus, Alc-
mena, Hercules, &c.

ALGIERS.

THE origin of the French invasion of Algiers was the most trivial that perhaps ever *prefaced* a war—the flap of a fan in a Consul's face by an angry barbarian. Yet this was punished by an expedition of thirty thousand men, who expelled the Dey, and took possession of the country.

This is not the place to discuss the political bearings of that extraordinary transaction on Europe; or the right, the reason, or the principles of International Law, involved in the conduct of the French Government.

But its consequences were fatal to the *monarchy* of that country. It gave the *first* example, of the expulsion of an established Government by the simple violence of a mob in the streets of the capital. The great Revo-

lution of 1789 was a political earthquake, which first burying all the chief Institutions of the kingdom, only took the throne in its way, as the last object to be plunged into the gulf. But the minor Revolution of 1830 struck directly at the *throne*, and only at the throne, leaving all the institutions of the State unassailed. This would seem as if it were intended to mark an especial offence of the Sovereign. At all events, the result was the expulsion of the dynasty. Within one twelvemonth from the invasion of Algiers, the monarch was seen flying from his Capital, his dynasty following him into exile, his ministry forced to fly, or thrown into prison; Bourmont, the commander of the expedition, treated as if he had been the vanquished, instead of the victor, and exiled equally with the Cabinet and King; and his thirty thousand men left in Africa to be extinguished by the climate, and the persevering hostility of the natives.

Algiers had long been a blot on civilization, and the restraint of its piracies (though it must come with a bad grace from nations engaged in the Slave-trade), was a natural demand of humanity.

The expedition of Lord Exmouth was for an *especial* purpose, the liberation of British subjects, and the honour of the flag, insulted by the massacre of Bona.

It ended with the retaliation. The French armament beginning with retaliation, ended with possession.

That Government, which had subsisted in perfect security for fifteen years from the Restoration in 1815, was ruined by a riot—a simple *gaminade*. There never was an event more unexpected, which more excited the astonishment of Europe, accustomed as it had been to the shaking of thrones, or which more inclined rational minds to connect it with higher agencies than belong to man. Even the Dey, a barbarian, is said to have exclaimed: “The King of France is gone—God has avenged me!”

The succession of Louis Philippe seemed to guard peculiarly against the recurrence of this catastrophe. His singular sagacity, his unrivalled knowledge of France, his experience of human nature, acquired in the long and perilous adversity, which has been pronounced the best school for princes, and that politic flexibility of character, which, if it does not add to our national respect for the man, was supposed to be the especial talent for Continental popularity, made him, perhaps, of all living individuals, the man fittest to govern his ingenious, versatile, and volatile Nation.

But, Louis Philippe had entered at once into the Algerine views of his predecessor. He even made

the conquest a national question; raised the army from thirty thousand to one hundred thousand men, and superseded the languid principles of the late reign by a war of the most vigorous activity and the most rigorous execution.

The Moorish war drew but little European observation, partly from the wildness of the seat of warfare, but still more from the studied silence of its operations. The French bulletins told their own story; the unfortunate native had no tongue. But it was a war that spread over a region as large as France; a war in which European intelligence was not on the watch to check its horrors; a war against bold barbarians, in which the soldier must often have learned to be a barbarian; not the war of regular armies, which compel a certain observance of the laws of regular hostilities, but of the foreign soldier let loose on a peasant population fighting for their wives and children, their cattle and their cottages, all the things without which life is not merely valueless, but incapable of being supported. The Moor was fighting for the essentials of existence. Yet this desperate war raged for *seventeen* years!

If the Moor is not a Christian, still he is a man; with human blood in his veins, with the common affections

of husband and father, with an understanding capable of comprehending the miseries of his country, and with undaunted courage to avenge them. And this war raged during the whole government of one of the most intelligent Kings of Europe, and almost in the sight of one of its most powerful Nations.

Providence must not be appealed to, to solve every passing problem of nations ; but, we see, *instantly* upon the termination of that war, and at the moment when its captured Chieftain, the heroic Emir, Abd-el-Kader, set his foot on the soil of France, the King dethroned ! And dethroned by the express instrument, in the express time, and in the express form of ruin, which had extinguished his predecessor—by a *mob*—in *three* days—and by a conflict in the streets of Paris.

But, there are circumstances, which render the fall of the late French King still more remarkable than that of Charles X.

Instead of the feebleness of the former reign, of the languid ministry, of the popular surprise, of the parliamentary resistance, and of the doubtful troops—the King was perfectly prepared ; he possessed a Cabinet of the most intelligent men of the country ; he had at his side the favourite commander of the

army of Algiers, Marshal Bugeaud, and the most influential public man of France, M. Guizot ; with an army of fifty thousand of the best troops of France, unquestionably loyal, besides a household of Princes in the habit of command, and his Capital surrounded with a circle of fortresses, a circle of defence or offence unequalled in Europe ! Yet he fell, as if the whole were straws, as if his fortresses were houses of sand, as if his army were vapours and figures of the air.

And his fall was even more ruinous than that of Charles X. ; not merely his Princes were exiled, and his Ministers fugitives, but his *throne* was destroyed. The Bourbons had left a Monarchy behind ; that Monarchy was now gone ! a Republic stands on its ruins, and a republicanized people stand in the way of its restoration. If the laws of Providence may be above our knowledge ; yet we must feel, that if it had intended to declare to mankind its express punishment of an express act, we cannot conceive a more direct evidence than in the perfect similarity of the means, under the extreme difference of the circumstances.—We again have the *three* days, the *mob*, the assaults on the palace, the flight of the Ministers, the fall of the Dynasty, and the irreparable ruin.

The Moor has thus been doubly avenged. And the

wisest thing which France could do, would be instantly to withdraw its troops from a forbidden soil, a profitless conquest, and an impracticable people. Worse may still come, and the punishment of obduracy may be even more fatal than the punishment of ambition.

ALGIERS ! wild Algiers !

There are sounds through the night,

Coming thick on the gale,

Sounds of battle and flight ;

And the spurring of squadrons,

The roll of the wain,

The beacon's broad blaze

On the far mountain-chain,

And the desert-horn's howl,

Like the wolf in his prowl ;

And the flash of the spear,

Tell the Berber is *there*.

The tempest is coming,
 It swells from the South—
The Desert's bold riders,
 Age, manhood, and youth !
Their steeds are like wind,
 And their frames are like fire,
That wounds cannot tame,
 That toil cannot tire.
 On they burst like a flood,
 Till the Desert drinks blood,
 Thick as night-falling dew ;
 “ Allah hu ! Allah hu ! ”

The Frenchmen are rushing
 To gate and to wall ;
But, the Moor is awake
 In his gold-tissued hall.
He sharpens the dagger,
 And loads the carbine,
And oft looks to the East,
 For the morning to shine !

And from rampart and roof
Crowds are gazing aloof ;
And their gestures, though dumb,
Tell, " the EMIR is come !"

Ay, follow the Berber
Through hill and through vale ;
He's the falcon, and swift
As its wing on the gale.
Ay, scorch through the day,
And freeze through the night ;
He's the panther, one bound,
And he's gone from your sight ;
But death's in his tramp,
As he roams round your camp ;
One grasp, and one roar,
And you sleep in your gore.

'Tis the blue depth of midnight ;
The moon is above,
Shedding silver in showers
On mosque and on grove ;

And the sense is opprest
With the sweetness of night.
'Tis an hour to be blest,
All fragrance and light ;
But the volley's quick peal,
And the clashing of steel,
And the cannon's deep boom,
There, are gorging the tomb !

There is war on the hill,
In the rocky ravine,
On the corn-covered plain,
In the forest's thick screen.
And the roaring of battle
Still swells through the night ;
But at Morning the vultures
Will stoop from their flight,
Where the feast has been laid,
By bayonet and blade ;
And unscared they may wreak
The talon and beak !

Shall the plague-spot still blacken
On each and on all ?
Where art *thou*, old Bourbon ?
Europe scoffed at thy fall ;
Where thy fierce “ thirty thousand,”
Napoleon’s old “ *braves* ?”
Like thee, they are corpses ;
Algiers gave them graves !
Where the victor Bourmont ?
He has followed thy throne.
Where thy councillors ? Fled,
In the dungeon, or dead !

Yet, France, though the Berber
Were crushed by thy heel ;
In his heart he has hate,
In his hand he has steel.
His peace will be war !
Thou shalt slay, and be *slain* !
The length of thy sabre,
The breadth of thy reign !

And the world shall yet ring
With the fall of a King,
Flung from country and throne ;
Smote, like thee, old Bourbon !

But, France, must the Charnel

Still gape for the dead ?

Must the jackal and wolf

Still on carnage be fed ?

Thy treasure, and blood,

Nay, thy valour, in vain,

Thy conquest—but *dust*,

To be conquered *again*.

Still, ploughing the sand ;

Still, sabre in hand !

Thou, a kingdom of *biers*,

ALGIERS, wild Algiers !

SORROW.

SLIGHT comes the pang, slight passes by,

That melts itself in tears ;

The stricken spirit that can sigh,

No mortal arrow bears.

When Fate has snapped the heart's *true* ties,

It scorns the help of tears and sighs.

Or, if it still its pillow steeps,

It tries the world to wile ;

For night, its sacred sorrow keeps,

For day, resumes the smile.

Till comes the hour—to meet above,

And thus it is, with *buried* Love !

THE FURIES.

THE Greek mythology deals largely in the future existence of Man, but furnishes its Tartarus much more amply than its Elysium. The latter is merely a Mahometan Paradise, *without* its Houries—a place of verdurous shades and cloudless sunshine, with a rather feeble imitation of the sports and exercises of Earth—an existence of shadows in a monotony of indulgence.

But the former shows all the fertility of the Greek mind in terror, and is supplied with all the possible varieties, instruments, and inflictors of torture. On this revolting subject I can only touch to say, that the Fates and the Furies performed a large part in this organization of penalty. The Fates decided, and the Furies punished. What Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos settled in their minds, the more potent and terrible Alecto, Megæra,

and Tisiphone executed. From the power and the habitual vengeance of the Furies, it was thought as hazardous to give them their real title, as it was decorous, or dexterous, or delicate, to address them by the title of *Eumenides* (gracious, or propitious).

Their Genealogy has been disputed. Hesiod, the great primitive authority, derives their lineage from the blood-drops of Uranus, at the period when the Giants were born from the same source. The Orphic Hymns, themselves disputed, name them the daughters of Hades and Proserpine.

There were other avengers, the Keres, beings between the Fates and the Furies. On them depended deaths by violence. On the shield of Achilles the Keres are seen in robes of blood, with Strife and Tumult by their side, engaged in battle.

But the Erinnyes (the Furies) apparently had the most comprehensive jurisdiction of all, for they arraigned even Gods. Their weapons were Pestilence, Madness, and War. With such means of inflicting national and individual evil, they must have strongly appealed to the superstition of the Greeks. Accordingly, they had many temples. There was one in Achaia, into which if a criminal set foot, he was traditionally struck with loss of reason.

Without entering in some degree into the details of mythology, we can scarcely conceive from what a burden of fear and folly the general mind has been relieved by true ideas on the subject of Religion.

The Drama of Æschylus, which commemorates the Furies, under their popular title; if inferior in originality to the Prometheus, which is an aggregate of magnificent *abstractions*, seems not inferior to it in power, and probably altogether transcended it in popularity. It is the TRIAL of Orestes for putting his mother Clytemnestra to death; brought in the first instance before the Delphic Oracle, and in the next transferred to the Temple of Minerva at Athens.

It has all the forms of a regular trial. In Delphi, the priestess of Apollo, 'opens the case;' Apollo is counsel for the culprit; Orestes appears at the bar; and the ghost of Clytemnestra is the witness; the Furies are the accusers, but by a singular dramatic incident (which, however, probably heightened the effect), they are first seen, grouped on the stage in profound sleep. From this they are aroused by the ghost of Clytemnestra, which indignantly reproaches them with their slumber, and they thenceforth require no further stimulant. Apollo, outraged by the violence of their declamations, will no longer desecrate his Temple by their tremendous

oratory; and moves the cause to Athens, and the presidency of Minerva.

At Athens, Orestes again stands at the bar, and pleads the authority of the Oracle, for the punishment of the murderer of her husband, her King, and his father. The Furies reply, in speeches of the highest passion and power. As the trial proceeds, Minerva evidently leans to the acquittal of Orestes, and finally he is absolved by the Ballot of the Jury (the judges; assessors of the Goddess.) The Furies, who at first, think themselves insulted by the decision, are slowly reconciled, by the promise that they shall thenceforth share in the sacrifices offered at Births and Marriages! the whole concluding in brilliant choral tributes of the reconciled accusers, to the glory of Athens.

If we have irreparably lost the harmony of the Greek language, of which we do not pronounce a word endurable by the Athenian ear: we yet may conceive something of the excitement felt by the most excitable people of the earth, seeing their National Gods declaiming in the richest language of man, on subjects of national pride, and transferring the judgment of acts which involved Olympus, to an Athenian tribunal! Of course, music and scenery added to the charm; and the triumph of the Drama must have been

complete, when Heaven and Hades were heard pouring out their panegyrics upon a nation, which if genius could have been the security for extent and duration of dominion, would have been masters of the world, and masters until the end of the world.

The French critics, of the age of Racine and Corneille, exclaim indignantly against the breach of the Unities, committed in this stately drama: "C'est si bizarre; l'Unité de lieu n'est pas gardée dans cette pièce." But, a greater authority acquits the Poet. Horace probably had this Drama before his eyes, when he wrote the well-known lines:

" Ille per extantum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire, Poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut Magus, et modo me *Delphis*, modo ponit *Athenis* !"

The Furies, in the era of Æschylus, were an indefinite number, and crowded the stage; but Athenian acting was so vivid, and in this instance so alarming, that to spare the public sense of horror, and its effects upon females, the number was reduced by law to fifteen. The *three* Furies of poetry are the limitation of a later age.

EUMENIDES! ye throned on flame!
What tongue dares name your darker name?
Sisters, and Sovereigns, of the Fates,
Who sit by Hell's eternal gates;
Where Cerberus, with sleepless howl,
Startles the demons, fierce and foul;
And sounds of weeping and of wail
For ever on the darkness sail!
I see your grandeur, drear and dim,
The gold-crowned brow, the giant limb,
The lurid, mighty eyes, whose gaze
Throws, even round Hell, a broader blaze;
Guarded by demigods of Earth,
The thunder-shattered Titan's birth,
That float around your cloudy throne,
Glistening like serpents—seen, and gone.

Ye tamers of all mortal pride,
Ye punishers of parricide,
Avengers of man's broken vows,
The tyrant husband, blood-stained spouse;

The guilt triumphant, yet untold ;
The base, in soul already sold,
When traitors play the patriot's part,
(The last corruption of the heart),
And Faction coils its serpent-rings
Round the unguarded hours of Kings.
EUMENIDES ! what kingdom stands,
When waves the sceptre in your hands ?

Sepulchral Goddesses ! your power
Awakes the conscience-stricken hour !
Nor time, nor distance, day nor night,
Can screen the villain from your sight ;
Sweeps he along the stormy surge,
Above him hangs your scorpion-scourge ;
Takes he the desert-eagle's wing,
There your swift arrows fix their sting ;
Flies he to Ocean's farthest shore,
You track him by his steps of gore ;
He sees you on the whirlwind ride,
And wishes he at once had died !

But, when the darker vengeance still
For darker guilt, the world must thrill ;
When crime, too deep to be forgiven,
Wakes the reluctant wrath of Heaven ;
You leave the villain to his wiles, -
Till the false world around him smiles ;
All conscience quelled, all fear defied,
Life, to his glance, a golden tide ;
All murmurs hushed, all storms o'erblown ;
The game of fortune all his own !
Then, in some high-wrought, crowning hour,
Some day of pride, some feast of power,
Some hour of double life—and death !
Then, breathe your lips their fiery breath ;
Your Sceptre strikes *one* viewless blow,
The palace and its lord are low !
A blow that seems the land to stun,
All gazing on the wretch undone ;
A thunderbolt of ruin hurled,
A Moral to the startled World !

Awhile your giant forms are seen
The tempest-laden clouds between ;
Each drinking, with earth-bended ear,
The curses round the hurried bier.
Then, vanished from the eyes of men,
Ye sit at Hell's dark gates again !

EPITAPH FOR PETRARCH.

HERE, let the Poet fix his burning eyes ;
Here, all that Death can claim of PETRARCH, lies !
On this proud Shrine hangs no sepulchral gloom ;
He sleeps within the trophy, not the tomb !
He loved, was loved : and Passion's vestal fire
Shot loftier splendours round his golden Lyre ;
And still the strings the thrilling tones prolong,
And the witch'd World still *loves* the immortal song.

THE END.

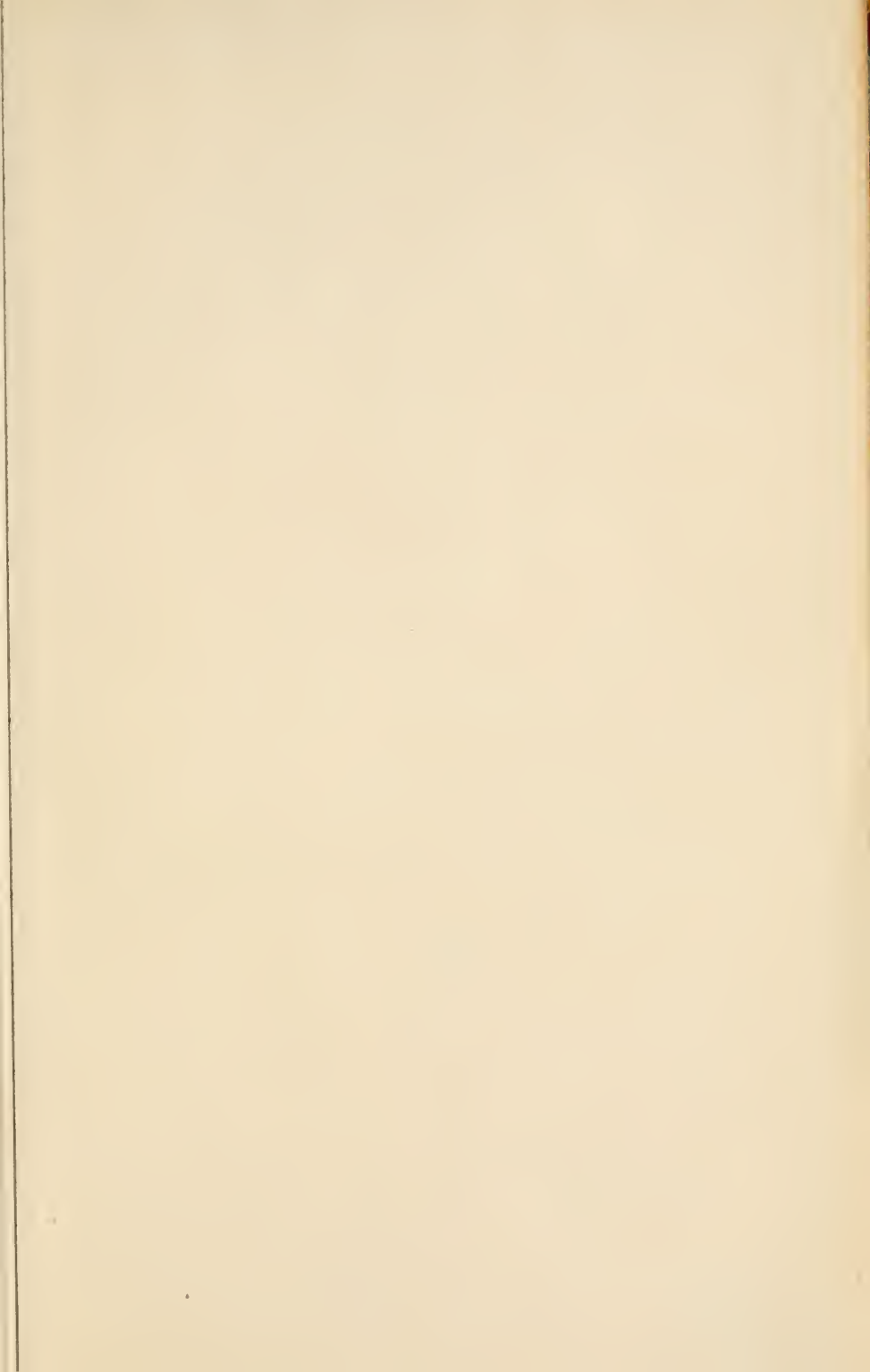
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ERRATA.

Page 75, third line from the end, *for* Making all the mass *read* Making
all the man a wound.

Page 187. sixth line from the end, *for* kingdom of Argus, *read* kingdom
of Argos.



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